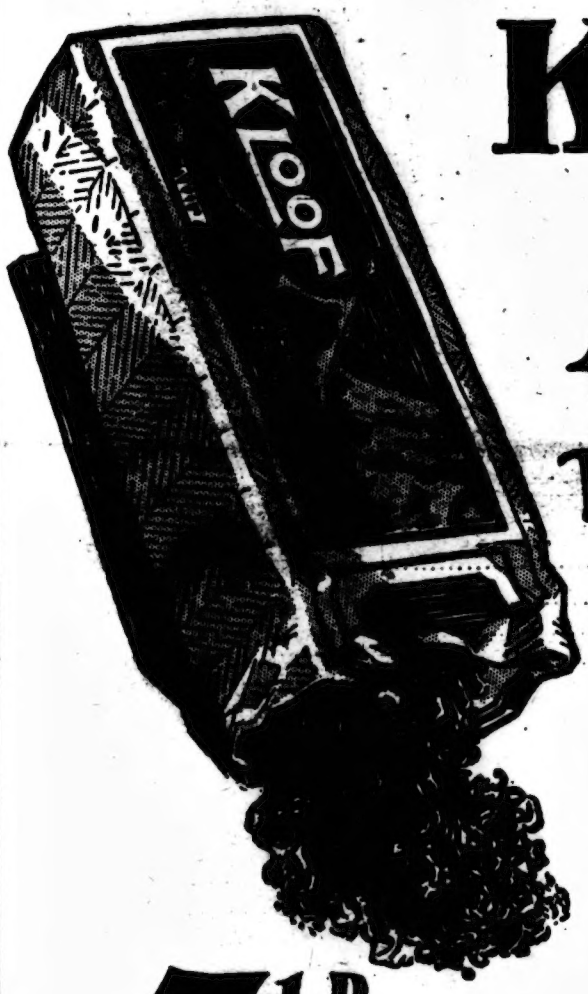
ULL, AUGUST 31, 1929.
PENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1214
Vol. XLVI.



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CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED. "Snowball" series, 25-page free Album of Calendars, entitled Chums—Cinderella—The Blue Bird's Song—Sweetheart—reproductions of several Oriental paintings, and over 40 cards of distinction. Also Special 1/- packets. Calendars 6d. to 1/- each at 2/9 per doz. Enrol now and make £££s weekly.—Dept. J., Minster Press, Preston.

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PIANO.—Send the coupon in the large ad. on this page for JAY'S BARGAIN FURNISHING CATALOGUE.

PIANO.—Illustrated CYCLE LIST "Q" offered by WHITELEY'S on page 24.

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WOMEN'S TROUBLES.—Article Brand Worn. Sufferers are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cause most violent cases by [illegible], destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily duties. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 12/- stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Brand & Co., 24-26, Cadnor, Derby.

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SPECIAL CLEARANCE OF FLOOR COVERING
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SAMPLES FREE.
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THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.
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31-8-29

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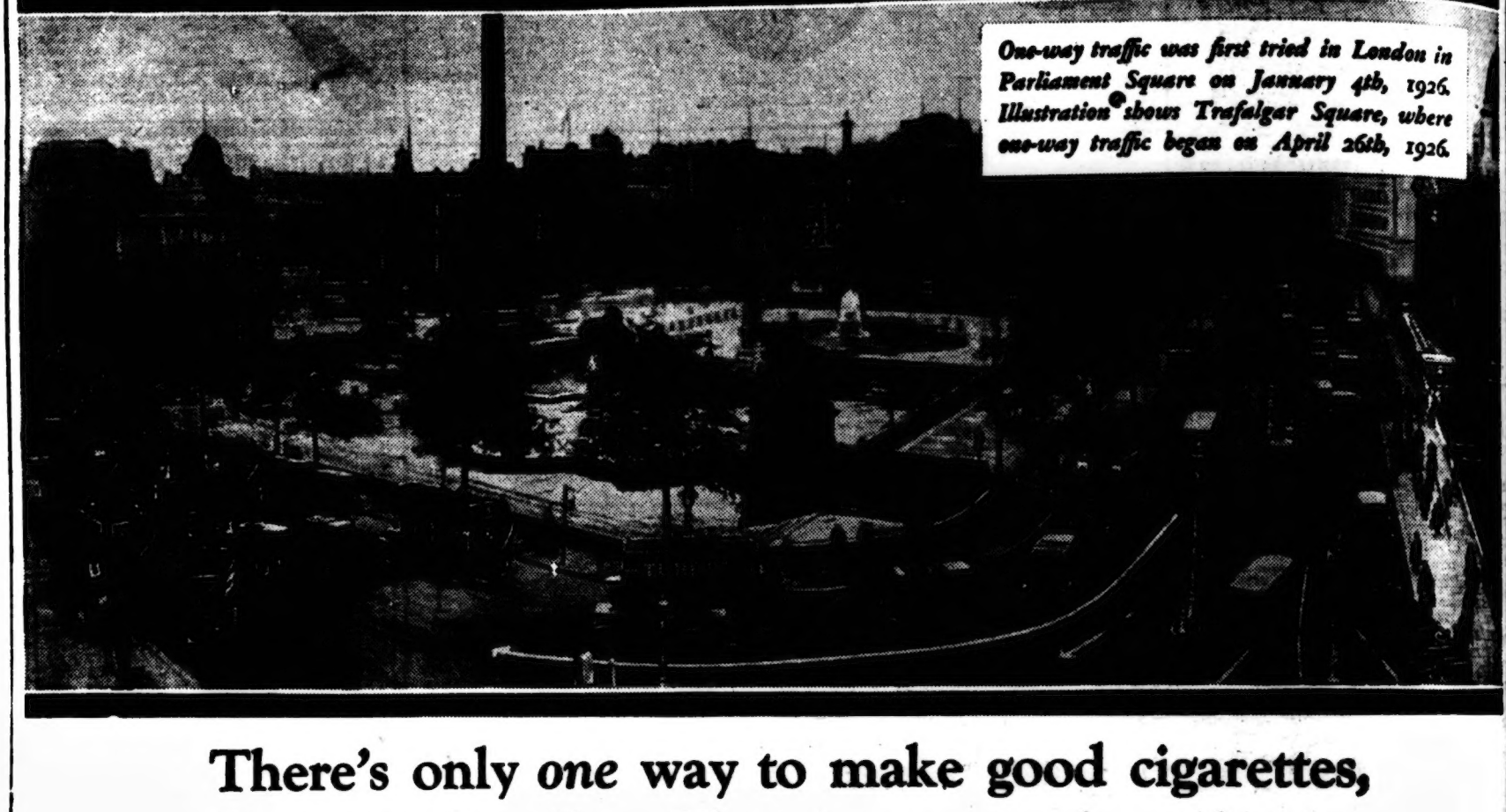
Three Years Ago —



One-way traffic was first tried in London in Parliament Square on January 4th, 1926. Illustration shows Trafalgar Square, where one-way traffic began on April 26th, 1926.

There's only *one* way to make good cigarettes, Carreras found. That is to age the tobaccos three years in the wood. So to-day you enjoy 'Turf' Cigarettes blended from smooth, cool, choice-flavoured tobaccos which have been mellowing since 1926. *You* will like 'Turf' too.

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for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 31, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Retribution for Company Sharks—Russia Will Climb Down

OOK out for some interesting prosecutions that will be launched during the next few weeks by the Board of Trade under the amended Companies Act.

e in particular will prove of in- t to JOHN BULL readers because it involve certain individuals respon- for a ramp recently exposed in e columns.

r the moment we must say no —except to express our relief that Board of Trade is at last waking to the gravity of company law ces.

e end

e French Press, which accuses Mr. rden of deliberately wrecking the g Plan, overlooks a still less table truth.

* * *

e British Chancellor may or may have got all he expected at The ue, but he has disposed of the idea Great Britain can always be re- upon to foot the bill of other ons' "sacrifices."

. Snowden has been saying, in t, that the day of Britain's sub- ence to French interests is over.

ce 1923, a military despotism as erous as that of the German ers has been propped up in pe on French bayonets and sh credit. Now one prop—and that nost vital—has been withdrawn.

* * *

e Entente Cordiale may linger as ntiment, but as a force in foreign ics it is ended.

ffsky

have it on exceptionally high rity that the Soviet Government ultimately agree to the conditions nded by Mr. Arthur Henderson as rice of the resumption of Anglo- an relations.

present both Litvinoff and erin, the Foreign Affairs Com- rs, are out of Moscow, and neither owing any disposition to hurry the matter.

* * *

this is only a strategic move, like ttitude of defiance which other ches of the Soviet are simulating rds Britain at the present time. ey are putting on a bold front and nding that they don't care her relations are resumed or not; he people in charge of the matter e British end know that the delay ot last very much longer.

h!

e of the reasons why Germany is g ahead in aviation is the lishing enthusiasm displayed very effort that is made towards an air supremacy.

e giant *Graf Zeppelin* was built, s predecessors, largely with funds ribed by the general public, and hievements have been, and con- to be, a matter of intense in- throughout the country.

ch the same might be said of the seaplanes which are being built e Lake of Constance and else- in Germany.

well the value of public support of this kind is realised is shown by the fact that pilots of the civilian air services are instructed to fly low over German cities whenever possible, so as to increase the "air sense" of the nation.

Gallons of eye-wash

We are likely to hear interesting things about Russia very shortly when Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Arnold Bennett return from that country.

Will they be allowed?

Two more cocksure persons could hardly be found in these islands, but it is questionable whether they will be allowed to make a real investigation.

From all accounts the Bennett-Beaverbrook party enjoyed a singularly oppressive form of hospitality in Moscow.

One is reminded of the inspections carried out long ago by Catherine the Great, for whom Potemkin was wont to build model and prosperous-looking towns so that she might see how well and comfortably her subjects lived.

Worthy of their hire

A strong demand is to be put forward at the coming Labour Party Conference at Brighton for the passing of an Enabling Bill which will give local councils authority to pay their aldermen and councillors.

The payment that will be suggested will cover working time lost and out-of-pocket expenses incurred.

The idea behind the proposal is that just as the non-payment of M.P.s used to keep working men out of Parliament, so the non-payment of councillors is preventing many from seeking election to local governing bodies.

Downing Street plans

Some years back plans were prepared for rebuilding and modernising the official residence of the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as both houses are shockingly out of date.

The plans were duly filed away and promptly forgotten. But they have now been taken out again and are receiving serious consideration.

Schemes are also afoot for the demolition of the overcrowded old houses in Whitehall Gardens and the construction of a large new block of Government buildings.

Should the rebuilding of Downing Street be decided upon, an excellent opportunity would be provided for the alteration of the whole system of upkeep and entertainment charges at Nos. 10 and 11.

The adoption of some method whereby the State would finance at least a portion of these unavoidable expenses would be popular with all Parties.

A mean trick

Promoters of worthless companies are now working a particularly mean method of getting their shares subscribed.

They have obtained a list of provincial schoolmasters who are retiring and who receive a capital sum on retirement under their pensions scheme.

Schoolmasters who have had nothing to do with finance are believed to be easy prey for these gentlemen.

Several teachers of over sixty have already lost most of what was to keep them in their old age.

Only one scar now

Public vaccinators have now been instructed by the Ministry of Health to make one insertion instead of four in future.

Boards of Guardians have also been advised that children of school age and adolescents should not be vaccinated if the operation was not performed in infancy, but urges the desirability of securing the successful vaccination of infants.

* * *

Infant mortality figures have declined side by side with the growing exemption claimed by parents for their babies, and if steps are taken to increase the number of infants vaccinated, then the death-roll will, in all probability, start rising again.

The Ministry has taken a wise, if tardy, step in the right direction in reducing the farce of vaccination to a minimum.

Curing by kindness

A new German prison order, which is to come into force on October 1, divides the existing prison routine in Berlin into three classes.

A convict will be placed first of all in Class 1, but will be able by good conduct to earn promotion into Class 2, where he will have many privileges.

Finally, he may pass into Class 3, where all the convicts will be allowed pets—if they want them.

Not only so, but they will be allowed a week's holiday a year, and may work for outside employers, being allowed to spend the money they so earn.

The experiment will be of profound interest.

The sacrifice

At the Labour Party Conference a resolution is to be discussed proposing that every Labour headquarters' official who has been elected as an M.P. must resign from his job.

The Union of Post Office Workers has already taken action against Messrs. Bowen, Middleton and Wallace, three of its headquarters' officers who have been elected to Parliament. Each of them has been placed on half-pay.

Old men grow young

Readers will be pleased to hear, following our exposure of typical grievances, that the unfair practice obtaining in Government Departments regarding the retirement of old servants is gradually being wiped out.

Ministry of Labour officials who, on reaching the age of sixty, have not completed the requisite thirty years' service entitling them to a pension will shortly be allowed to extend their service for a further five years, in which their pensions will become due.

It is gratifying to find that red tape can sometimes be stretched on the side of justice.

Squabbling Imperially

The proposal to organise an Imperial conference of business men to precede next year's Imperial Conference in London is leading to a great deal of bickering and backbiting among the industrial organisations in this country.

With courage he summoned

Sir Gilbert Vyle has had the courage to take the initiative of summoning a preliminary meeting to get things moving, but it is very doubtful whether the conference can now be arranged in time.

The Dominion business men will want to raise fiscal questions on which the leading British industrial and commercial organisations cannot be induced to express a definite opinion.

But two or three of these organisations wish to keep the whole representation of British opinion in their own hands. That is the trouble.

Straws in the wind

The City now considers that the Labour Government is likely to have a longer life than was expected.

The rush of ex-Cabinet Ministers to get City jobs is taken as an indication that they do not expect to be again in power for a long while.

Real good "copy"

Our readers will be interested to note how all the newspapers have devoted columns to Francis Lorang.

Almost daily, Press representatives were calling at our offices for information, gladly given, about this very sensational story, the first details of which we published, when Lorang was still able to hypnotise his shareholders.

Let's Pay Our Aldermen

Westminster's Emigrants

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Sparks expected

Rapid progress is being made with the National Electricity Scheme in Scotland, and it will not be long before the whole of the industrial area between Renfrew and Edinburgh is supplied, not by local companies or corporations, but by the Electricity Commissioners.

The promise is that the new scheme will provide cheaper lighting and power. While this will doubtless prove to be the case in smaller towns and rural areas, Glasgow is likely to find that the national flat rate is considerably higher than its present very low charges.

As Glasgow knows how to make itself heard when it has a grievance, Sir Andrew Duncan and his colleagues are in for a series of shocks.

Civil Servants have wives

During the recent General Election the bureaucrats of Whitehall discovered that in several cases the wives of Civil Servants were standing as Parliamentary candidates.

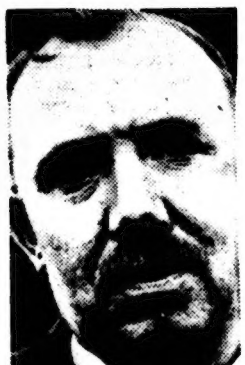
Their first decision was to issue an instruction that this could not be permitted, and that Civil Servants must keep their wives at home in discreet obscurity.

The matter went so far that peremptory hints were issued, but as it became apparent that any such interference would arouse a storm, Whitehall agreed to let the matter drop.

So some day we may see the wife of a Civil Servant at the head of the department in which her husband is employed as a clerk.

He won't be gulled

While Mr. J. H. Thomas is in Canada it is not likely that he will be content to receive all his information from official sources.



"Doubtless . . . some plain speaking"

As we have often pointed out, there are two sides to the picture in Canada; and while big business there is all for increased immigration, there is more than a suspicion that this enthusiasm owes something to a desire to have three men competing for two jobs.

Some of the Labour leaders in Canada have already spoken very frankly about the folly of encouraging men to come to a country where there is already serious unemployment in many districts, and doubtless Mr. Thomas will hear some plain speaking on the subject when he attends the Canadian Labour Congress.

Money for jam

A number of business men in the North of England, all insured by a reputable assurance company, have been comparing notes. They find that during the last five years premiums on their commercial vehicles amounted to £3,100 and their claims to £400, so that the insurance company has netted £2,700.

Another group of managers has paid £2,245 in premiums to meet claims amounting to only £151, a transaction yielding nearly £2,100.

It is clear that premiums could be reduced to commercial vehicle owners with benefit to industry. And it is also clear that the promised Government enquiry into insurance should get to work quickly, and not confine its attention to industrial insurance alone.

Who'll get it?

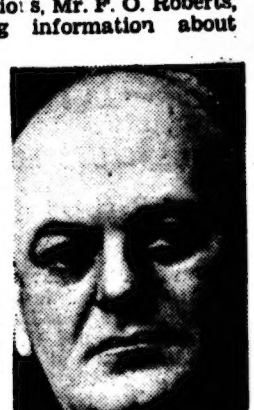
What might be done in the development of Anglo-Russian trade is indicated in the report of the representatives of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Federation who took part in the recent British Trade Delegation to Russia.

The Russian demand for boots and shoes in 1928 was 75,000,000 pairs, of which the State factories produced 40,000,000 and the village craft and small factories 35,000,000.

The demand for 1929 is estimated at 110,000,000 pairs, and since the Russians can provide only 75,000,000 pairs, there is a market for 35,000,000 pairs awaiting exploitation.

Benefits broadcast

The practice introduced by the Minister of Pensions, Mr. F. O. Roberts, of broadcasting information about pensions' benefits is to be heartily commended.



"Heartily commended"

It is gratifying that our campaign for more pensions publicity is at last bearing fruit. But Mr. Roberts should now look into some of the other injustices we have pointed out from time to time.

The information broadcast a few nights ago concerning the transfer of dependency pensions was based on legislation which came into force in September, 1924.

Parents who apply now for benefits of this kind will not be able to claim back payments, as the award takes effect only from the date of application.

That is a hardship which might well be removed.

Waking up gradually

One of the "Big Five" pottery firms in Staffordshire, which has hitherto manufactured almost exclusively for export, has suddenly realised that orders from retailers in the home market are worth having. It has adopted a scientific plan of distribution direct to one dealer in each town, and the public can now buy domestic ware at lower prices than for foreign goods of inferior quality and finish.

The firm in question is unable to keep pace with the orders received. What British industry needs is not Protection, but efficiency.

Lost—£15,000,000

Company promoters had a particularly merry time during 1928, when an epidemic of gullibility broke out among the small investors of the country.

During the year more than a hundred new companies were started with the highly speculative object of working untried processes or developing patents of one kind or another.

These companies, many of them with distinguished boards of directors fit only to play dominoes in a City teashop, took, with the help of sharpers in the background, about £30,000,000 from a confiding public.

To-day the shares are not worth half this sum and the unfortunate investor has lost about 11s. in the pound in less than twelve months. He is likely to lose more if he doesn't sell quickly.

Meanwhile the company promoters are resting at Le Touquet and elsewhere, until the innocents have saved up enough money for the next boom.

Gas them

Another great bogey has been laid. Secret German experiments in dropping aerial gas bombs have resulted in the discovery, which many people knew all the time, that gas is only effective when used in great quantities and high concentration.

That being so, the screams for the abolition of poison-gas while retaining far more cruel weapons become rather worse than futile.

"We are glad"

A bit belated

A stalwart official, wearing an imposing blue uniform, has been making leisurely house-to-house calls in the South London area during last week.

So leisurely have his peregrinations been, in fact, that householders living immediately opposite each other have been visited on alternate days, though both could very well have been interviewed within the space of two minutes.

The purpose of the inspector's calls? Merely to hand in an official notice to the effect that "in consequence of the unusual drought" the watering of gardens and sports grounds by means of hose, outside tap or sprinkler is temporarily prohibited.

These notices are dated July 20.

Sir William Prescott, chairman of the London Water Board, has been ill for some months. We are glad, for two reasons, that he will soon be back.

Mushrooms are in season

This is the season for "mushroom" bookmakers to send round their circulars seeking agents for the football season. A word of warning is timely.

We have a long list of complaints about concerns which, in previous seasons, have left agents high and dry on the rock of responsibility—"bookies" have defaulted, but winning backers have looked to the agents for settlements.

Before taking up an agency or "punting" with any new concern, it is as well to be fully advised as to its genuineness. We can tell you.

Making dry land safe

Far-reaching schemes for the promotion of the welfare of seamen when they land in foreign ports are to be considered at the Maritime Session of the International Labour Conference, to be held at Geneva in the near future.

They will include the provision of canteens, as well as the organising of sports facilities, with a view to diverting the attention of the seamen from some of the doubtful amusements that are now provided for them.

At present it is no uncommon thing for the seaman to be robbed, and also for his health to be endangered, as a result of his excursions ashore, where all sorts of harpies are waiting to batten on him.

The British Government will be represented at the conference by a high official.

Almost a pat

At the trial of James Featherstone, at Mansfield, for brutally belabouring his twelve-year-old son with a strap, the medical officer stated that there were forty weals on the boy's body and that a considerable amount of hæmorrhage had occurred.

He did not think the boy could have remained conscious during the thrashing. A blood-stained shirt was produced. Featherstone was fined £2.

The boy did not inherit his bad luck from him.

Piling it on

In deciding not to hear any more cases against motorists unless the defendants appear in person, the Oldham magistrates have raised a very gra issue.

It has so far been the practice accept a letter from a defendant liv at a distance who admits a mi offence.

Thousands of summonses are tri and rapidly disposed of. To force defendant to lose a day's work, more, in order that he may p guilty to a minor technical offen a matter of two or three minutes—a serious matter.

It would be interesting to work the number of working hours lost this way to the nation.

Widow bilked

Young married men will not be e couraged to join the Territorials by unfortunate experience of the wid of Private J. W. Thompson, of 4th Northampton Regt.

During training a year ago, Thom son fell from a horse and was injur He subsequently died from peritoni and the inquest jury held that dea was due to the fall.

In spite of that verdict, the W Office has refused his widow a pens Local people have taken up the ma on Mrs. Thompson's behalf, but all satisfaction they can get is that War Office medical advisers have cided that there was no connection b tween the accident and the peritoni

This is a harsh decision. Wh there is a conflict of medical opinio widow might well be given the ben of the doubt.

Low down

A plausible scoundrel, who pr chiefly on war widows, has b operating with great success in t Merseyside district.

He tells his victims that he has b employed to get orders for rolls honour, and that he has been sen Somerset House.

He then produces an elabor sample of a finely designed roll honour costing three guineas. Usu the woman of the house has not money, but gladly falls in with offer to pay a deposit and send rest later.

That is the last she sees of him.

Llanddanielfab's little Ne

Henry Morris, a young quarryman Llanddanielfab, Anglesey, can consi himself lucky in being fined only for what the chairman of the Mo Bridge Bench described as an act "deliberate cruelty" towards a cat.

When Morris and his dog h finished with it, the cat's hind leg w broken in two places, its windpipe w severed, and it had a wound above eye.

The chairman said he took into co sideration the fact that the defend was earning small wages. He co have got over the difficulty by fin Henry nothing, and sending him so where with free board.

Well done, John Edward!

Forty years ago, John Edward Pla mer, of Leeds, went bankrupt with deficiency of £6,423. Undaunted, sought to rebuild his fortunes in t colonies.

He was so successful that th years after his failure he was able communicate with the Official R ceiver asking how much was needed wipe out his debts, and though he d before he was able to settle with his creditors, they have now been p in full, with 4 per cent. interest, ceiving altogether about £20,000.

What pleasant reading for officials at Carey Street, sickened death by fraudulent bankrupts!

Kind friends

For an indecent offence against fourteen-year-old daughter, a man, scribed as an instructor of Boy Sco was placed on probation for two y by the magistrates of Mistley, Essex.

It was pointed out that men of highest reputation have been known depart from the path of rectitude.

The magistrates decided to treat offender mercifully in the interests his family. They evidently did consider that the protection of daughter came under that heading

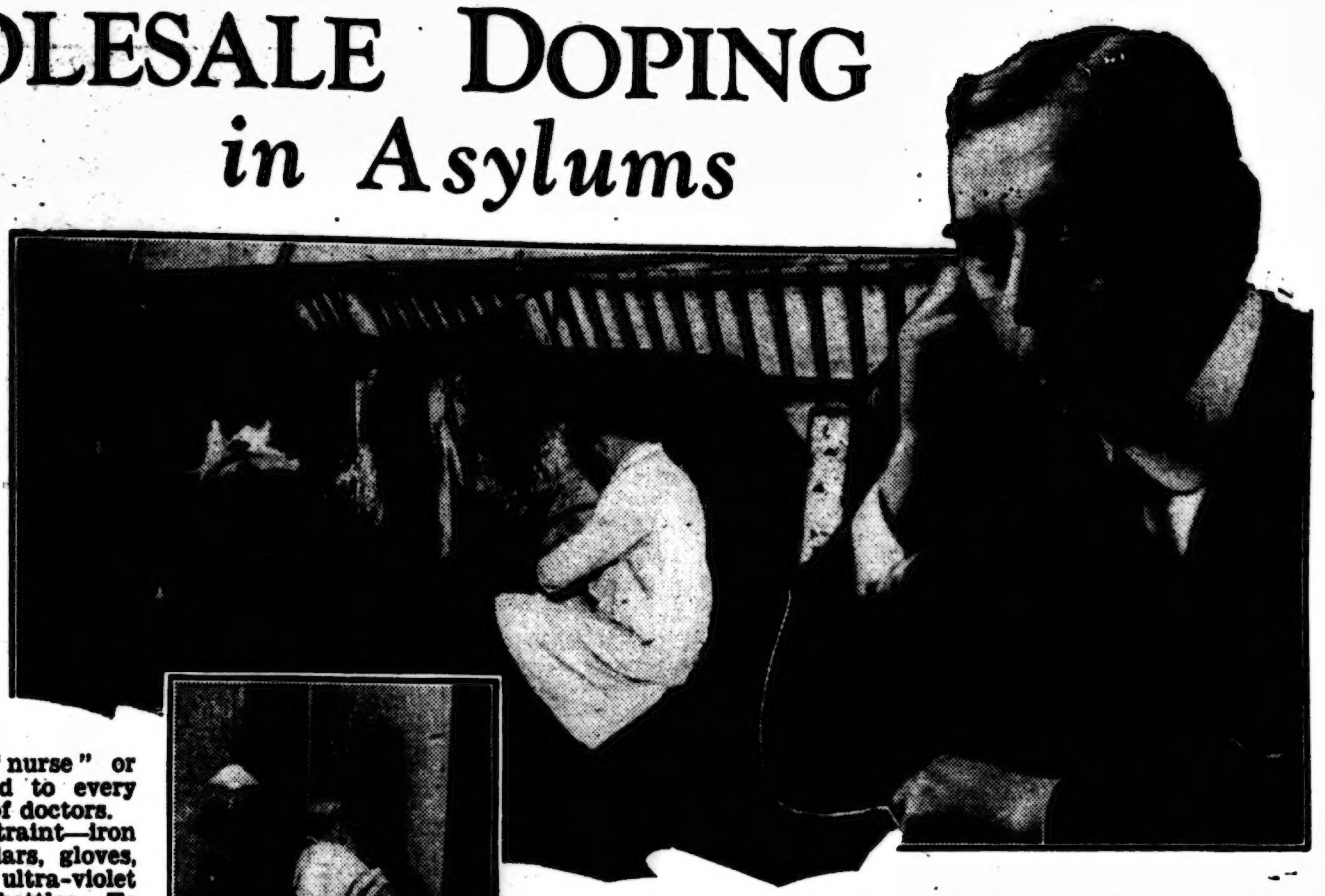
WHOLESALE DOPING in Asylums

A Grave Indictment

by

DR. THOMAS DUTTON

—who is among the most eminent of living specialists on insanity



Sir Frederick Willis hates "the manufacture of insane persons"

ON the surface we appear to be making great progress towards curing the insane. Lunatic asylums are now called "mental hospitals." The title of keeper" has been change to "nurse" or ttendant." A matron attached to every ospital," and twice the number of doctors.

Instead of the old forms of restraint—iron ndcuffs and anklets, leather collars, gloves, d strait-jackets—we now have ultra-violet y treatment and rows of medicine bottles. To e outside public we are certainly more mane.

But what are the facts?

We are not really curing insanity. The covery rate remains practically stationary. here are at present 120,000 people confined mental hospitals, and 2,000 new patients are rtified annually.

Whether sane or insane, patients are deived of all personal liberty and civil rights, d are practically at the mercy of those who ve charge of them. The conditions in which ey live are detrimental alike to mental and ysical health.

Certification is, almost without exception, fected in too much haste and often in extreme crecy. And the "urgency order" provided r very exceptional cases is now habitually ed for ordinary cases as well.

If we examine the new methods by which ctors try to restrain patients we find praces that can only be described as very unisfactory. We have given up using mechanil instruments. These have been supplanted far more injurious and dangerous drugs.

Chloral, morphia, heroin, sulphonal, paralhyde and bromide are now commonly used. n we really say that such things are a better eans of restraint? These drugs ruin the phyal stability of the patient and destroy every nse of value that he has. All shame dispears and the habitually "doped" patient nks to depths of conduct impossible to scribe.

Menace of drugs

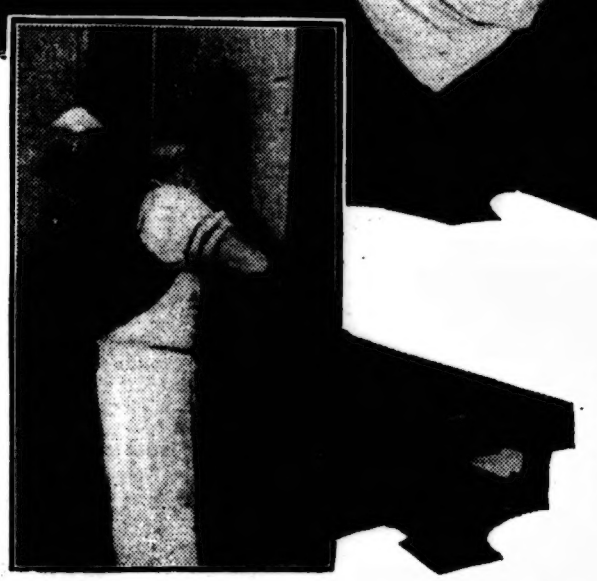
WE must admit that, properly administered, a soothing drug will quieten down an all too excitable and self-destructive ain, and bring the distraught patient much-eded rest and sleep. But the practice is equently abused. A return to mechanical straint—harsh though it seems—would be re beneficial.

It appears that we have never quite outown the idea characteristic of the Middle es—that lunatics are possessed by devils. at is an attitude responsible for the dreadsuffering endured by some patients to-day. ey are treated as criminals, and, sub-conously, we are still trying to punish them.

But, whereas a criminal can appeal to thority for redress against unfairness and treatment, a patient confined in a mental spital is really powerless. Few in authority ten to his tale, for the very nature of his lady makes him suspect.

In the great majority of cases where phyal force and cruelty are used towards m, it is because he has refused to perm some office which the attendant has no ht to ask a patient to carry out.

These attendants have frequently no ecial training in handling mental patients.



Leicester City Mental Hospital treats lunatics as Dr. Dutton wants. Here are patients at work, milking cows and chair-making

They know little more than the layman how to treat them, and how to soothe the mental sufferings which drive them sometimes to frenzy.

Worse than prisoners

IN regard to living conditions, lunatics must endure an existence that would not be tolerated for a moment in a prison. The average cost of food per head per week in asylums is about five shillings. The cost of food for attendants at one asylum is known to be 13s. 6d. per week per head. But the cost of feeding each patient is only 4s. 6d.

An eminent mental specialist, writing in the *Times*, stated that "in regard to the cost of provision for patients, which at one asylum was less than sixpence per day, I maintain that it is impossible to maintain a sick person adequately on this sum."

The mentally unbalanced are "sick persons." If they had an ordinary bodily ailment we should treat them with kindness and consideration. We should not, for example, put a case of scarlet fever in the same ward as a case of gastritis.

In mental hospitals patients are all herded together. Their condition, in many cases is thereby considerably aggravated and the result is, in the late Dr. Maudsley's striking words, "the asylum-made lunatic."

That many patients with good prospects of recovery are, under the present system, made permanently insane is, in my opinion, from practical experience, beyond question.

The Royal Commission recommended that mental hospitals be designed for not more than one thousand patients and that the design of the hospital be on the villa system.

Yet in one of the latest mental hospitals rooms are provided, terribly limited in cubic space, in which up to eighty patients will be expected to sit in absolute idleness. The doors will be locked.

The gravest charge against the present system is perhaps that very little scientific curative treatment is attempted. The whole system is based on detention, and offers patients no hope of release.

This state of affairs is the more terrible because patients are often certified by medical men who have no practical knowledge of mental disease.

Experience has proved that it is a very easy thing to get a person put away in an asylum, but a most difficult thing to get him out.

My suggestion is that patients suspected of insanity, or even those who are insane but not violent, should first receive treatment at a general hospital for a short time. Before anything more is done, further searching enquiries into their sanity should be made by an independent agent.

All certificates of insanity should be due to expire at the end of three months, and no certificate should be signed except by a doctor who has a diploma in mental diseases, or one who has been for a period in a mental hospital as assistant medical officer.

The patients should be divided into three classes: (*a*) those with favourable prospects of recovery; (*b*) chronic cases; (*c*) the genuinely incurable cases.

These three classes should not be herded together as they are to-day. They should be kept separate and be treated differently. Thorough examination and notation of all changes should be made at the end of every three months. If a patient improves rapidly it might then not be necessary to wait more than three months before releasing him after a final examination.

Nothing done!

I HAVE the highest authority for urging reform. Sir Frederick Willis, late chairman of the Board of Control, stated recently that he hoped the public conscience would demand legislation to prevent the manufacture of insane persons.

In July, 1926, the Royal Commission on Lunacy and Mental Disorder recommended that the entire Lunacy Code be revised. But three years have since passed and nothing has been done.

The public conscience has been awakened to some extent by the excellent work of the National Society for Lunacy Reform; but its work needs support by action on a national scale.

The existing laws must be changed; and I sincerely hope that the present Minister of Health will do everything in his power to bring in a Bill framed on the recommendations of the Royal Commission.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

"BOARD-ING" Themselves Out

No Path to Rome—Dirty Cooked Food—Hats Off in the Abbey

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS,
Somewhere in the Wilderness

DEAR EXILES,—I see that you are forsaking whole-time politics in order to be part-time "somethings in the City."

Frankly, I don't like this mixing of finance and affairs. Great public servants like Asquith, Haldane and Bonar Law didn't do it—nor were they rich men as riches go.

If you must withdraw your services from your fellow-citizens, make a clean job of it, as Lord Birkenhead did, and devote yourselves to a whole-hearted pursuit of the "glittering prizes" of commercial life.

By striving to serve two masters you will only lose the esteem of the country. Your enemies will cry out "Guinea Pigs!" and I should hate to hear two honest men like you so abused. JOHN BULL.

LORD BRENTFORD,
70, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.

DEAR LORD "JIX,"—I read with close attention your excellent article in favour of establishing a penal settlement which would be permanently inhabited by all "old lags" who persistently return to prison after serving long sentences of penal servitude.

It is hard to know what else to do with such fellows; but I cannot accept your suggestion.

No man should be sentenced to imprisonment from which only death can release him merely on the strength of a past record—however black.

Apply the same system to politics and we might *never* have another Conservative Government.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor T. A. KERR,
Glasgow

DEAR SIR,—I admire your spirit in withdrawing from the delegation appointed to attend the Town-Planning Conference at Rome.

It is your only means of protesting against the attitude of the Italian Government in its unwarrantable opposition to Mr. Snowden at The Hague.

That's the right spirit! I hope your example will be followed by other British delegates. Italy can't teach us town-planning anyway.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAY HALKETT,
Marylebone Police Court

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to see one kind-hearted man throw cold water on the charity of another, as you appear to have done.

The generosity of Captain the Hon. Gerald Berkeley Portman in dealing with his poor tenants is a shining example which should be widely followed.

But in agreeing reluctantly to an application by his agent for an ejectment order to be adjourned, thus saving a family from being turned into the street, you went out of your way to criticise his "extraordinary philanthropy" as an influence which is "demoralising the whole neighbourhood."

Why, why these bitter words? I only wish there were more like him.

JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. C. B. LEVITA, C.B.E.,
Chairman, London County Council

SIR,—I am amazed to learn that it is proposed to have a private kinema in the palatial £600,000 new wing of the London County Hall which is now being built.

It may be more pleasant for the Entertainments Committee of the L.C.C. to view questionable films in their own comfortable premises than to go out to see them. But that argument cuts no ice with me.

Considering the safeguards of censorship which already exist, there appears to be no reason at all why the L.C.C. should also crowd in among the arbiters of film morals.

There is certainly no justification for wasting the public money so lavishly for such a purpose.

I confidently hope you will hear a word from the ratepayers on the matter before it is too late.

JOHN BULL.

Sir EDWARD ELGAR, O.M., K.C.V.O.,
Garrick Club, London, W.C.

SIR,—Bernard Shaw's reference to you a few days ago as a greater artist than himself, and a greater man than he can ever hope to be, reminds me that you are still one of our Great Unknowns.

It is the fashion in this country to rave about Strauss, Puccini, Wagner and the like, and to forget our native geniuses.

If you had been a foreigner, your name would have been a household word in every British home by now. It is time we woke up to the fact that you are one of the greatest living sons of this Empire.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. JOHN CLYNES,
Home Secretary

MY DEAR CLYNES,—Congratulations on your promptness in releasing Arthur Kinley, the young miner, who got fourteen days' hard labour for picking fourteen apples off a tree.

Now carry on the good work by looking into the case of seven-year-old Jimmy Diment, the little fellow who got nine years in a reformatory for—well, nothing at all.

Jimmy's "crime" was that he happened to be about when some of his elder playfellows broke a shop window and sampled some letter-paper they found behind it.

See to it that little "Jimmy" gets a square deal before it is too late.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. CHARLES PORTER,
Medical Officer for Marylebone

DEAR DOCTOR PORTER,—I am glad to see that your annual report contains a deserved reproach on the inactivity of the Ministry of Health and the London County Council in a matter to which I have myself repeatedly drawn their attention.

Your borough contains the unusually large number of 318 premises where food is sold ready cooked, or is prepared for sale; but although you have more than once urged the necessity for legislation for the registration and inspection of such premises, no steps in this direction have been taken by either of the above authorities.

I hope you will keep pegging away at them until they are roused from their slumbers.

JOHN BULL.

Major C. W. MARR,
Federal Parliament, Canberra

HONOURABLE AND GALLANT SIR,—I see that you have been touring the Old Country on behalf of the Australian Government, investigating the unwillingness of Englishmen to emigrate to the Commonwealth.

You might have saved yourself a lot of trouble by reading JOHN BULL. Now, after admitting the high percentage of unemployment in Australia as one reason for the falling-off in emigration, you say you hope soon to see a steady flow of emigrants once more.

I for my part hope to see the steady flow dammed until you have settled your own unemployment problem. Our unemployed had better bear the ills they have than fly to others I wot of down under. JOHN BULL.

The Very Rev. "DICK" SHEPPARD,
Dean of Canterbury

VERY REV. SIR,—I hope you have not been perturbed by the protest against the Festival of Drama and Music held in the cathedral and its precincts.

That the protest was signed anonymously by "A Canterbury Vicar" makes it unworthy of serious consideration.

The selection of the beautiful mediæval morality play "Everyman" and "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" displays the deep religious motive underlying these performances, and I must say that I think a sacred edifice is put to better use in this way than in being kept as a peep-show for goggle-eyed tourists. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. BELL DAMS, M.A.,
Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

REV. SIR,—You make me smile! You countenancing the eviction of a girl who was worshipping in the Abbey simply because she was without a hat, you are laying yourself open to ridicule.

Is a sinner to be denied the kingdom of God because she has no hat?

You are, moreover, putting a very arbitrary interpretation on St. Paul's dictum. In the days of the Apostle hats for women had still to be invented. JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

BISHOP OF DURHAM: "Establishment has become an anomaly which is ceasing to function tolerably."

If that is so, then it is up to the Bishops.

* * *

FATHER PAUL BULL: "The disposition is spreading to treat God as a sort of ornament and added luxury to the worldly life."

Only among those whose God is Mammon.

* * *

MR. C. R. W. NEVINSON: "Why should a Britisher pay double income-tax for the privilege of being thought a mug?

Only a man who is a mug would do so.

The Sentence of the Court

The INCONSTANT Lymph

—in a constant whirl

IT was with the blushing confusion of a *débutante* uncertain as to her next step that Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of Health, pleaded "Not guilty" of disorderly conduct.

"It is not surprising that the accused should reveal a dishevelled appearance," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for he has just emerged from a fierce struggle with his official department, which ended in its kicking itself on the shins in an attempt to walk backward.

"For years the Health Department has been sternly insisting upon vaccination, so that beneath the rule of the doctors the magic needle has been mightier than either the pen or the sword.

"But now our official lymphomaniacs have issued a statement to the effect that 'in the present state of knowledge . . . . it is not generally expedient to press for the vaccination of adolescents and children of school age who have not been previously vaccinated.'

"This is the outcome of recent cases of nervous disease following upon vaccination, and although the department mentions that such cases have occurred 'mainly' among those who had not been vaccinated in infancy, they have not been confined to this class.

"Nor is the position rendered less disturbing by a vague reference to 'the present state of knowledge'—after years of compulsory vaccination and the jailing of conscientious objectors!"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it was a violation of the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility for a permanent official to be made the victim of such a charge. It was not known how much Sir George had had to do with the Ministry's policy in regard to vaccination, nor to what extent he was responsible for its sudden change of front.

* * *

"It is to be assumed," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that this remarkable *communiqué* was not issued without the prisoner's approval, and those familiar with the delicate wording of official documents cannot help suspecting that a reference to the department's 'present state of knowledge' may really amount to a confession of its present state of ignorance.

"One day parents are told that unless their children 'get the needle' in the arm they themselves will get it in the neck, and the next day they are officially informed that if they break the law the Health Department will turn a blind eye, and they will run no risk.

"In these circumstances, what (if anything) are we to believe? The weight of evidence suggests that, as a preventive of smallpox, vaccination is of real value.

"But when inoculation against one disease can produce another no less serious—namely, encephalitis—we are entitled to ask whether the gain is worth the risk, except in countries where smallpox is rampant.

"As things now stand, some parents may justly argue that having a child vaccinated is too much like having its feet amputated as a precaution against its acquiring corns.

"Although from my knowledge of his public work I must acquit Sir George as an individual, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that he will take an early opportunity of telling us just where we stand in the matter of arms and the mandarins."

ritish ishermen are—

HE British fishing industry, which once ranked among the country's most important enterprises, is dying fast; and the suicidal manner in which interests are neglected constitutes of the greatest scandals we have laid bare.

eptember sees the opening of the cipal herring and mackerel season owestoft and Yarmouth.

ithin a few weeks this fishery will t its height. Hundreds of vessels be combing the seas; thousands of and women will be working fever- handling the annual catch of of thousands of "crans"—each isting of about a thousand fish—the bustling scenes of animation suggest that all concerned are ing a rich harvest in return for labours.

tually, however, 95 per cent. of e workers, who follow the most arious calling, facing death in deep rs, toiling in all weathers, are little than slaves, compelled to live hand to mouth under disgraceful hard conditions.

he worst victims of all are the s who man the steam drifters em- ed in herring and mackerel fish-

No regular wages

ey are not paid regular wages; are usually signed on as "part ers" of the individual vessels on h they serve, being allotted a share e profits after each catch has been osed of and all expenses have been

e average crew numbers ten; and usual to divide the net profits catch into twenty-three shares, of h the real owner claims fifteen. us, in a fairly good catch, where et profits of ten weeks' toil yielded 50, the real owner took £750, leav- £400 to be divided between ten

eir respective shares are never until the end of each season, dur- which the wives and families have e supported while their men are at sea.

meet their demands, a system of ly "advances" is in operation, h range in amount from 10s. to 6d.

stoker employed on such a vessel ated, for example, who, with n-eighths of a share, *is one of the est paid members of the crew,* £43 15s. due to him after ten s' work.

om this £6 was immediately de- ed for food whilst at sea, while his and family had already drawn 5s.

when a deduction had also been e in respect of National Health rance, this man returned home only £28 2s. 6d., to wait for the season, and with no prospect of er work in the meantime.

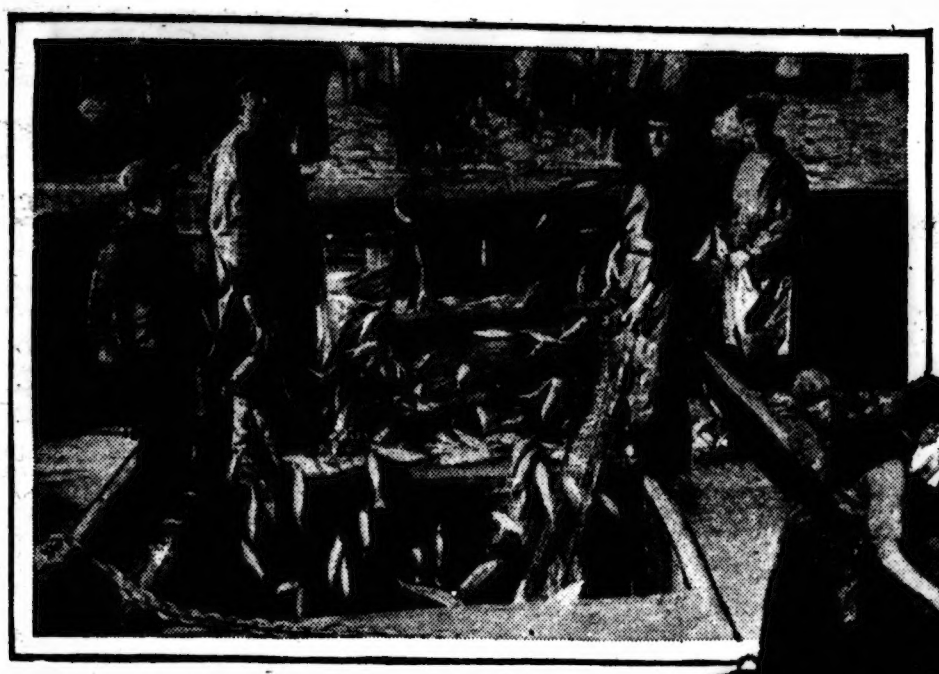
the same "good" voyage the drew only £13 odd on coming re.

Gluts bring poverty

t consider the plight of a crew ming from a season where the has been a poor one—and poor es are only too common—or when is a glut in the market.

e profits realised by one drifter a ten weeks' season were, to take ical example, only £550.

e member of the crew of this l, working on a three-quarter , earned just under £18; but after ctions for advances, food, and items had been made, he re- d home after his ten weeks with ly £2 7s. 6d.



Lowestoft fishermen land a catch and clean their nets—on starvation wages. The Scots lassies below are gutting herring, newly landed from the North Sea

—SLAVES of the Net

But he was more fortunate than another member of the crew who, working on a half-share, returned home £1 17s. 6d. in debt.

Even in a poor catch the real owner comes out well on the right side. In this particular instance, after all expenses had been paid, the owner drew £340 out of the total net profit of £550.

Until a year or so ago "share" fishermen were not entitled to the "dole." Latterly, however, the authorities have agreed to bring them within the insurance scheme, provided their contributions are not in arrears.

As their poverty makes it almost impossible to keep up their payments, their plight is not remedied.

And when a disaster occurs and lives are lost, there is often no compensation.

Only a few months ago, when five men were lost in the Lowestoft fisheries, a public subscription had to be raised to relieve their dependents.

The conditions under which the crews work are appalling. An individual trip made by a herring drifter may last from twenty-four to eighty hours, according to the volume of the catches made.

Often a couple of hours' sleep out of forty-eight is all that these drifter crews obtain.

While their work is so scantily rewarded, one is not surprised to hear heartrending stories of privation and hardship amongst the fishermen's families.

Cases of hardship are heard of every day in Lowestoft, though the last herring season yielded 352,000 crans, valued at £715,000, as the result of the labours of the crews.

One day last season a heavy-eyed fisherman, with a week's growth of beard, stopped at a sweet-stall in a market-place much favoured by fisherfolk.

Almost in tears, he made a small purchase with the remark: "I must take a few sweets home for the kids." Then he added dramatically to the stallholder: "Mate, take a tip from an old 'un, and don't ever go to sea."

Many a time, he confessed bitterly, he had been away for nearly eleven weeks, only to return with a few shillings for his wife and family of four, while, with the end of the season, the "dole" or the parish was the only prospect.

Tradesmen in Lowestoft and Yarmouth have hundreds of pounds' worth of debts on their books for provisions supplied to the families of these hard-driven fishermen.

Our representative interviewed an inspector employed by a number of traders who run clothing clubs to enable poor fishing families to obtain garments on instalments.

The books were hundreds of pounds in arrears, and the inspector was ordered to exert pressure on those whose debts had been long outstanding.

Fisherman's "home"

He also visited one fisherman's "home," which consisted of two rooms in a dingy apartment-house in Old Nelson Street, Lowestoft.

The husband was at the employment exchange and he was welcomed by the wife, a mother of three children.

The eldest, a lad of five, lay on the floor, ill with measles, while another poorly nourished mite was ravenously eating dry bread and coughing fitfully with croup.

Sixteen shillings a week was all the wretched woman had had for weeks, out of which she had to pay 6s. rent, 1s. 6d. a week for milk, 3s. for bread, 2s. for coal and 2s. 6d. for meat.

So, with other urgent calls upon her slender purse, how could she hope to keep up regular weekly payments of 1s. 6d. to the clothing club?

That is how they live—if "living" it can be called—while risking their lives in keeping one of Britain's greatest industries alive.

Since in Lowestoft alone the last season yielded £715,000, it is quite clear that the fisherman is not receiving fair pay or fair play.

A Meek Marauder

IF you meet a meek young man named George Williams, with a little wart under his right eye, study him carefully. If he is also a slow walker and a quick talker, be on your guard.

For the George we have in mind is a dangerous man. He started life as a bookbinder; now he is a spellbinder—and doing very well; so well, in fact, that he only finds it necessary to "work" during week-ends.

George travels from town to town, always staying at the best hotel he can find. Once settled down, he is noticeable for his aloofness. He waits for other guests to speak first; and most people think "What a bashful young man!"

When fellow-guests enter into conversation with George Williams they find him anything but impressive. His speech comes in quick, nervous sentences, and his whole manner rather suggests that he is labouring under an inferiority complex.

But if he doesn't say much, he keeps his eyes open and studies his fellow-guests with the practised eye of a keen psychologist.

HE can tell at a glance which guests are likely to leave money or valuables lying in their rooms. He never wastes his time on careful souls.

And, having marked down likely victims, he keeps them under observation. Once their habits are familar to him, he watches for an opportune moment for visiting their rooms and helping himself to their best possessions.

All his hauls are big ones, and he makes a comfortable income from his week-end coups.

He is always an active traveller, and a full list of the places where he has operated would look like a page from a gazetteer.

Lately he has visited Bath, Bournemouth, Eastbourne, Sandwich, Torquay, Knaresborough, Reigate, Blackpool, Hove, Preston and Windermere.

FOR all his polish, George has two weaknesses. One is that he invariably writes to engage accommodation in advance, using the notepaper of the hotel he is honouring with his presence at the moment.

The other is that, in selecting aliases, he seems incapable of getting away from the A's, J's and G's—Albert Cookson, Archibald Armstrong, G. Greenwood, G. Stanley, G. Loder, G. Mosley, J. Edwards and J. Richardson.

Hotel proprietors should warn their guests against this week-end plunderer and also exercise the greatest possible vigilance themselves.

The facts supplied above ought to make George's speedy arrest a certainty.

DEFAULTING FINANCIERS

A Staggering Roll

Exhibition-skating at an ice-rink. Visions of such exhibitions persuaded shareholders to part with their money

A FEW weeks hence some thirty forms of financial trickery, which we have been exposing for years, will become criminal by the operation of the amended Companies Act.

That complicated piece of legislation has, however, one conspicuous omission—the prevention of bogus and defaulting underwriting.

When a company issues shares to the public it arranges with a financial house to "underwrite the issue."

This means that if the public does not subscribe for the full value of shares offered, the underwriters will take up what remains over, so that the company making the issue receives all the capital it is seeking.

As a reward for the risk he takes, the underwriter is allotted a cash percentage on the total face value of the shares offered to the public.

This system is obviously open to abuse. An unscrupulous underwriter will offer to guarantee a share issue in this way, pocket his percentage in advance, and then, when the public refuses to subscribe for the shares, he will repudiate his obligation.

Broken contracts

An investigation we have made reveals that in the past eighteen months there have been at least £3,000,000 worth of broken underwriting contracts, mostly obtained by upstart firms without resources, which have gambled on the chance of the public relieving them, and thus giving them their commission for nothing.

Five large new companies have announced virtual failure on account of them, and, of course, the public is left "to hold the baby."

Within a few days there has been the case of the Yorkshire Artificial Silk Company, which has been forced into liquidation by the default of the Rayon and General Development Corporation, and that of the Buckingham Brick and Tile Company, which has been let down heavily by Amalgamated Commercial and Financial Industries.

By far the ugliest, and, as regards actual figures, the most serious of recent cases of default concerns the affairs of Ice Rinks, Ltd., which was floated with an authorised capital of £330,000.

Its prospectus, inviting the public to subscribe for 850,000 of its 1,320,000 shares, was extensively advertised.

It was a seductive document, containing alluring allusions to the exploitation of an international chain of contemplated skating-rinks *de luxe*, extending from Golders Green to the Riviera.

This healthy-looking proposition did not fail to attract great numbers of small investors.

The offer was also enhanced with an estimated return of no less than 25 per cent. on the issued capital of the company, including special revenue from "carnival nights."

Creating confidence

This chimerical enterprise was floated by another company called Anglo-Continental Developments, Ltd., which was registered about four years ago as Mexican Developments, Ltd., and which only recently adopted its present name.

Ice Rinks prospectus stated that the entire issue had been underwritten by Anglo-Continental Developments, which was also the issuing house.

Two days before the final date for the receipt of subscriptions, Anglo-Continental announced that the share lists were already closed.

This is an extraordinary statement when considered in the light of subsequent revelations and happenings.

It was plainly made with a view to creating the impression that the 850,000 shares had been fully subscribed by the public. But we find from the return of allotments that *bona-fide* cash applications did not cover even 15 per cent. of the offer.

The balance is shown as having been allotted in suspiciously similar multiples to fewer than thirty people; and the descriptions of most of them were withheld by Ice Rinks until the company was ordered by the Registrar to furnish the information.

No fewer than 293,000 shares were allotted to Anglo-Continental [illegible]. This concern also received 150,[illegible] fully-paid shares for nothing, together with £27,000 in hard cash.

More than £9,000 of this sum [illegible] commission for underwriting, and £18,000 for preliminary expenses.

Next comes the amazing revelation that, notwithstanding the early closing of the subscription lists, only £34,[illegible] of the £212,000 worth of shares which were publicly offered has been received.

The present position is that Anglo-Continental either cannot or will not meet its underwriting liability for £170,000, and that Ice Rinks shares are marked at rubbish prices.

This means that those who subscribed for Ice Rinks shares have lost their money. If the underwriters had taken up the remaining shares, as they contracted to do, the company would have sufficient capital to go forward.

Needless to say, there is a close connection between Ice Rinks and Anglo-Continental. They share the same address, and the promoter, chairman and managing director of both is Lieut.-Colonel John Douglas Fyvie, of Fern Lodge, Streatham, S.W.

There are further aspects of the Ice Rinks frost which we mean to watch. Meantime we invite Colonel Fyvie to explain why Anglo-Continental Developments has not refunded the £27,000 which his company certainly has not earned, and also why it has not surrendered for cancellation the scandalous perquisite of 150,000 fully-paid Ice Rinks shares.

Mr. William Graham, the President of the Board of Trade, should make it compulsory for underwriters to lodge guarantees for their commitments before prospectuses are issued.

Weekly Informations— —from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Leave *this* Lottery Alone!

FOREIGN lottery agents are again flooding this country with their tempting circulars, and I am receiving so many letters about them that I feel a few words upon the subject will not come amiss.

A careful study of the printed matter now being sent out by Blumenthal and Co., of Copenhagen, who offer tickets in the Danish Colonial (Class) Lottery, reveals some interesting points.

Blumenthal's circular opens rather amusingly by observing that, "owing to the present extremely unfavourable condition of the economical situation all over the whole civilised earth, caused by social and political circumstances, it is now almost impossible for anyone to make a fortune."

Having delivered this drastic observation, the circular ingenuously adds: "There is no other expedient left than to purchase a ticket in a lottery guaranteed by the State."

So they invite people in this country to take a "*bona-fide* grand chance," pointing out that while there are only 50,000 shares, there are 21,175 prizes and 8 bonuses. They assure us that all these prizes will be paid in full, without any deduction.

Accompanying this circular is a closely printed schedule headed: "Informations about the Danish Colonial (Class) Lottery," and there is much information to be learned by anyone who takes the trouble to analyse its rather formidable figures.

This lottery appears to be good business not only for Blumenthal and Co., who ask 32s. for a ticket priced at 27 Danish crowns (roughly 30s.), but for the promoters, who retain a very substantial proportion of the stake money.

I note that the value of all prizes is printed in "Gold Francs," but the awards are to be paid out in "Danish Crowns."

There are to be five drawings, and the total prize-money amounts to 5,175,000 gold francs, which at the conversion rate of 100 gold francs to 72 Danish crowns becomes 3,726,000 Danish crowns (£204,612 17s.). Yet tickets are sold to the value of 6,750,000 Danish crowns (£370,675).

Thus the promoters of the lottery retain nearly half of the money subscribed. In other words, for every £1 taken, only 11s. 0½d. is distributed in prize-money. This leaves more than a handsome profit, after all expenses have been paid.

Blumenthal and Co. are truthful in saying that there are 21,175 prizes and 8 bonuses, and that only 50,000 tickets are issued. But they are hardly explicit, for there are 50,000 tickets in each class, or 250,000 for the full five drawings.

So while Blumenthal and Co. imply that almost every second ticket wins a prize, the true proportion is more like one prize to eleven tickets.

Actually, the odds against a man who puts down 32s. for a full ticket in the first drawing only are 25 to 1. In the second series there are only 2,000 prizes to be distributed between 50,000 tickets. In the third series the odds are not quite so heavy—only 20 to 1. But in the fourth drawing only one ticket in fifty wins.

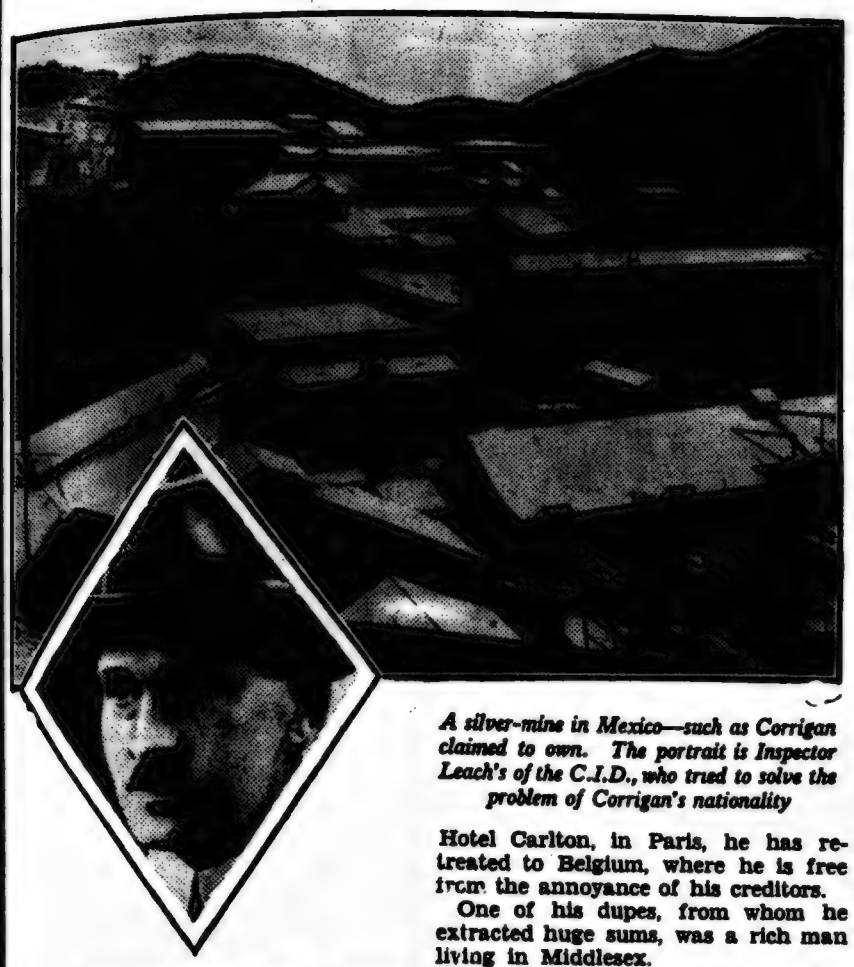
But consider the chances in the fifth and final series: 13,675 prizes and 8 bonuses for 50,000 tickets!

Unfortunately, Messrs. Blumenthal and Co. do not explain in their letter that no one can obtain a ticket for the fifth drawing unless he has bought a ticket for each of the preceding four.

I am afraid that this is all very complicated. Reduced to the simplest possible terms, it amounts to this: If you want to enter this lottery you must be prepared to pay Blumenthal and Co. 2s. commission and make the promoters a present of 13s. 5d. for every 30s. ticket you buy.

Personally, I feel that if you bother about you, you can find more deserving charities at home.

Noted TURF OWNER'S Shady Record



A silver-mine in Mexico—such as Corrigan claimed to own. The portrait is Inspector Leach's of the C.I.D., who tried to solve the problem of Corrigan's nationality

A MAN of many rôles is Dennis Michael Corrigan, who has appeared in the public eye as the owner of race-horses and as a man who has figured in more than one case before the courts.

There is, however, another side to his character.

He has strutted before the world as a fully fledged General in the Mexican Army, an American politician who went in fear of his life at the hands of his baffled opponents, and the possessor of bonds in secret Mexican silver mines of fabulous worth.

In every rôle his acquaintances have found him a princely host, given to entertaining on a lavish scale.

Yet all the while he has contrived to live exclusively by his wits.

He shares with Homer the phenomenon of many birthplaces.

Once, when officially interviewed about his nationality, he claimed that he had been born in New Jersey, U.S.A.; on another occasion he conceded the honour to Montreal, Canada; while yet again he confessed that he was born "somewhere in Ireland."

Menaced manager

During recent times Corrigan has stayed in expensive suites in several of London's leading hotels. At one establishment, where he ran up a formidable account, his conduct became so suspicious that he was asked to leave.

So menacing had he become that the management deemed it advisable to employ detectives to watch him, lest he should assault the manager.

Following this, he occupied a luxurious flat in Mount Street, Mayfair, where he entertained his friends with characteristic generosity.

Many of his guests carry memories of their host's impressive stories of vast interests under his control in various parts of the world, told in his pleasing Irish-American voice.

But memories are all that remain. Mayfair knows this dazzling host no more, and anxious enquiries are being made concerning the whereabouts of this versatile man of forty, whose powerful frame would make him conspicuous in any company.

Our own investigations enable us to reveal that he is no longer in England. After a brief stay at the magnificent Hotel Carlton, in Paris, he has retreated to Belgium, where he is free from the annoyance of his creditors.

One of his dupes, from whom he extracted huge sums, was a rich man living in Middlesex.

Corrigan quickly won his confidence, and interested him in vast concessions in oil, gold and silver properties, which he professed to own in Yucatan.

So plausible were Corrigan's tales that, when he was arrested on a warrant granted under the Bankruptcy Act for his failure to attend when ordered to do so by the Registrar, this dupe secured Corrigan's release from Brixton by standing security for £200.

His association with Corrigan has now reduced him to penury; and he has to face the ordeal of bankruptcy himself, with gross liabilities of £51,890 and "assets nil."

The sole cause of his financial ruin is that, in common with others, he paid Corrigan cash, or guaranteed debts on his behalf, to the tune of £40,000, most of which was paid out in connection with the alleged valuable concessions in Yucatan.

He believed his investment was sound, because Corrigan assured him that he had a hundred thousand pounds worth of gold at a refiners. But as time passed Corrigan made promises that were all broken.

House sold up

Apart from the loss of his fortune, this victim had to mortgage his house and borrow money all round. Finally he watched his household goods sold under an execution warrant for debt.

Probing into Corrigan's past, we find that he has often profitably exploited his imaginary Yucatan concessions. Once, when challenged to produce proof of their existence, he spun a remarkable story.

He declared that 31,000 valuable Mexican and South American gold bonds had been taken some time ago by his wife to Mexico and handed to someone whom he did not know.

The matter was further complicated by the fact that he had not lived with his wife for some years, and he held no receipt for the bonds.

He could not very well go to Mexico himself, he confided, as, following his retirement with the rank of General in the Mexican Army, he had acted as political agent for a secret power antagonistic to the Mexican Government.

We can explode the romantic Corrigan at once, for we have before us a letter, signed by Senor Don G. Valenzuela, the Mexican Minister in London, which states that Corrigan has "absolutely no representation, authorisation or connection whatsoever with Mexican authorities. Further, he is not a member of the Mexican Army and is quite unknown in Mexico."

Corrigan was in trouble some time ago with the Brussels police in connection with his activities under a false name in that city.

With his usual brazenness, he admitted to the authorities that he had gone to Belgium under an assumed name in order to frustrate bankruptcy proceedings against him in England.

At the present time this superb masquerader is keeping out of England for two reasons.

One is that a receiving order has been made against him here for the third time, and he is once again anxious to frustrate any investigation into his affairs.

Bring him back!

The other is that a warrant has been issued for his arrest on a charge of obtaining from another victim the sum of £4,900 by false pretences.

Surely this is a case where special steps should be taken to unearth Corrigan's Belgian hiding-place?

The fact that he is in possession of firearms and can be depended upon to resist arrest should not deter the authorities from running down this dazzling and luxurious adventurer.

A PASTOR and his EWE LAMB

AN evangelist we dislike is Pastor Tullett, of Bournemouth, who holds revival services at the Adult School, Lower Parkstone.

His meetings are typical of the gatherings of countless mushroom cults which have arisen in this country in the past few years.

Pastor Tullett's services are emotional. Their effect upon some young women members of his flock cannot be described as beneficial.

Two sisters, whose parents lived in the Bournemouth district, were constant members of his congregation. They were both strong, healthy girls, one still in her teens. They were employed as domestic servants in the neighbourhood.

The first sister was forced to give up attending the pastor's services on her doctor's advice, as she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The second sister continued, however, and it was obvious that the pastor took a keen interest in her.

In fact, four months ago, he called at her mistress' house and demanded her release from service, saying that "the Lord had sent them a message to get married."

The mistress objected, suggesting that, as the girl was only eighteen, they should both consider very carefully before rushing into matrimony.

The girl took practically no part in the interview. And the pastor, apparently acting on the principle of having received his instructions from a Higher Source, left most of the mistress' arguments unanswered.

After some time spent in futile discussion, she left the room. On her return she saw the pastor and the girl disappearing down the drive.

He took her, we are informed, to the house of a member of his congregation. But after a week he arrived again at the mistress' house and asked her to take the girl back. Apparently the moment was not ripe for the wedding.

After some hesitation, she agreed. The girl returned, but in a very changed condition.

She was in a state of acute hysterical mania; and her mistress spent the day in trying to calm her. Eventually she succeeded in getting her to bed.

The girl indulged in outbursts of violent singing and shouting throughout the night. In the early hours of the morning she ran out of the house and across the fields completely unclothed.

Next day the girl's sister was informed, and she called with a friend to see the pastor, and to ask for an explanation.

She found her sister in bed at the pastor's lodgings, obviously not in her right mind. The sane sister at once demanded that the pastor should call in a doctor.

Aimee MacPherson, American hot-gospeller. Pastor Tullett admires her methods enormously

He promised to do so; but for some strange reason did not fulfil his word for three days. When the doctor eventually arrived, he found the girl in such a condition that he ordered her to be sent to hospital.

Here she remained for one day, and was then sent to Dorchester Mental Hospital, where, we understand, she still remains, and is slowly being nursed back to health.

This is the plain story of the pastor's conduct with one member of his congregation.

Some who know him credit him with possessing hypnotic powers. Whether this be true or not, the mere fact that he can be capable of such irresponsible behaviour should be sufficient to make local parents ask themselves why the pastor is tolerated in Bournemouth.

CATARRH and INFLUENZA

Sufferers from Bronchial and acute Nasal Catarrh, Stuffiness, Cold in the head or chest, Huskiness, Hacking Cough at night Influenza cold, or Chill, offensive Nasal Discharge, Incessant Sneezing, Frontal Headache, Watering of the Eyes, Deafness, etc. can confidently rely upon the following prescription for immediate relief and cure.

WE ARE FIGHTING THIS CATARRH AND INFLUENZA SCOURGE WITH EVERY ATOM OF OUR KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL—THE HONESTY OF OUR EFFORTS IS DEMONSTRATED BY THE FACT THAT WE PUBLISH OUR FORMULA IN FULL, SO THAT IF YOU PREFER YOU CAN TAKE IT TO YOUR OWN CHEMIST AND GET HIM TO MAKE IT UP WITHOUT OUR BENEFITTING BY ONE PENNY. If you prefer to order direct from us—and naturally we hope you will—the cost for the whole treatment is only 4/6 Here is the prescription :—

IF YOU ARE SUBJECT TO COLDS TRY THIS NASAL WASH

The Prescription

The Pills composed of Paregoric Elixir, Licorice extract, Pine Tar, Creosote, etc. Licorice loosens the Phlegm, Creosote is anti-tubercular and germicidal, Pine Tar is an antiseptic, Paregoric (compound of Aniseed, Benzoic Acid, Camphor and Opium) soothes the chest. Dose—One or two pills several times a day. **(Special Pills without the Paregoric supplied for children.)**

The Nasal Wash for Adults or Children is composed of Menthol, Thymol, Wintergreen, Borax, Carbolic and Soda Bicarb., etc. This clears the nose and throat of the deadly catarrh mucus and destroys the germs of colds, influenza, pneumonia, etc.

Note! Thousands of persons have discovered that the use of this Nasal Wash daily keeps them absolutely free from colds. It is worth trying this winter.

Germ-Killing Snuff —This is known as Dr. Ferriers' Catarrh Snuff, and is composed of Bismuth, Acacia, and a Sedative. It soothes the Inflammation in the channels of the Nasal passage that is caused by the catarrhal condition. After using the nose wash take a pinch.

MAKE YOUR FAMILY USE THIS NASAL WASH EVERY MORNING

The total cost of this treatment is 4/6 (3 times the quantity 12/6), and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison.

4/6 THE COMPLETE TREATMENT

Here are other approved Home Remedies as prescribed by leading doctors, and dispensed at reasonable prices by

Mr. WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C. (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.), Editor of "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health," Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, etc. **Mr. SHADFORTH'S reputation as a Chemist guarantees the genuineness of these preparations.**

INDIGESTION

ACIDITY AND GASTRITIS

For that feeling of fullness and soreness denoting Acidity, Gastric Catarrh, Flatulence, the following should be taken before each meal.

Shadforth Prescription No. 1077

The Formula

Bismuth Carb. Soda Bicarb. Magnesia Carb. Carminatives—Aniseed, Peppermint, etc. In Tablets.

It is known as **SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.**

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid, ANISEED and PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price (72 Tablets) 1/4, (144 Tablets) 2/6.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful take the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15, in addition, viz. 2 tablets No. 15 and 2 tablets No. 1077 before each meal, and the pains will rapidly disappear. Prescription No. 15 costs 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

DEBILITY & NEURASTHENIA

Nerve Weakness and Breakdown

A MEDICINE which ACTS LIKE MAGIC in Neurasthenia, Brain Fag, and after Illness, Colds and the 'Flu.

It dispels Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness.

Known as Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Written by a Specialist thus :

Rp.: *Phosphorus*, 1-100th gr. *Damiana Extract*, 2 grs. *Nux Vomica Extract*, 1-8th gr. *Lecithin*, ½ gr. *Dispense in One Tablet.*

Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Directions:—Take 1 or 2 tablets with meals thrice daily.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PHOSPHORUS, constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers. *NUX VOMICA* increases Energy. *DAMIANA*, Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN*, natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

Price 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 tablets). THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC, No. 632. That is to say take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on.

Heart and Nerve Weakness — Palpitation.

Prescription No. 632.
Foxglove, Gentian, Dandelion, Nux Vomica, etc.

1/9 (50 pills), 3/3 (72), 4/6 (144).
Prevents faintness, tremblings, heart failure, and collapse.

Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache.

Prescription No. 902.
Phenacetin, Aspirin, Dover's Powder, Quinine, etc.

1/3 (25 tablets), 3/- (50), 5/3 (100).
Promptly relieves all nerve pains.

Bladder, Kidney, & Liver Trouble.

Prescription No. 922.
Venice Turpentine, Cubebs, Podophyllin, Copaiba, etc.

1/9 (50 pills), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144).
A valuable antiseptic and liver stimulant.

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation at 1/3 and 3/-. No. 2060.
Hæmorrhoids, Constipation, etc., Sluggish Liver, at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 894.
Heverill Oil Salts, at 2/6. No. 966F.
Anæmia, Weakness, Pallor, Debility, at 2/- and 3/6. No. 965.
Gout, Rheumatism, Arthritis, at 3/6 and 4/6. No. 76.
Psoriasis, Alopecia, Eczema, at 1/9 and 3/-. No. 956.
Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets (Prevent Influenza), at 1/6 and 2/9. No. 2297K.
Bad Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, at 1/9 and 3/3. No. 642.
High Blood Pressure, 3/6 and 4/6. No. 1129.
Hygienic Douche for Women, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 645.
Sleeplessness and Nerve Excitability, 3/6 and 4/6. No. 82.
Corns, Corns, 6d. No. 961.
Anæmia and Weakness in Children, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 1062.
Chest and Lung Tonic Tablets, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 633.
Aspirin Tablets, Pure, 1/3 per 100. No. 841.
Yeast Compound Tonic Tablets, 1/6 and 2/6. No. 1270.
Epilepsy Tablets, 2/- and 3/6. No. 2297.
Grey Hair Remover, 2/6. No. 962.
Premature Old Age Tonic, 3/6 and 6/6. No. 1126.

BACKACHE

LUMBAGO, GRAVEL

Prescription No. 40.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago, and many ailments arising from ill as the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription, which is composed of *Potassium Nitrate, Colchicum, Copaiba, Methylene Blue, Buchu Extract, Juniper Oil, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry Extract, Copaiba Balsam.* In Tablets.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of *Methylene Blue* colours the urine green. Non-purgative. Price 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

When nervousness and indigestion are present with the backache, use No. 42 instead. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

OBESITY

Do not despair—that slim line can still be yours by means of the successful

SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX or FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT FOR OBESITY (No. 575/DD.)

It consists of (1) a hot bath every night, washing the body with the Oval-tall Soap; this removes the superficial layers of fat. (2) After the bath, the parts are well massaged with the Reducing Cream, which promotes the absorption of the sub-epidermal fat. (3) Marienbad Salts, noted as an Obesity cure, is taken before breakfast, and (4) the Seaweed Pills are taken before each meal. These, rich in halogens, stimulate metabolism and steadily reduce fat. The complete four-fold or double-duplex treatment has proved a boon to thousands of fat people of both sexes. Price 7/9 (about two weeks' treatment) and 14/6 (about one month's treatment). Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 575/DD.

BLOOD TROUBLES

which manifest themselves in a variety of ways at this season of the year, are effectively healed with

BLOOD PURIFYING Sarsaparilla Compound Tablet

Shadforth Prescription No. 500/G.G.

Sarsaparilla Extract, 2½ grains; Guaiacum Resin, ½ grain; Barbados Aloes, ½ grain; Mezereon Extract, ½ grain; Licorice Extract, ½ grain; Sassafras Oil, a trace; in each Tablet.

Adult dose: 1 (or 2), with meals. Children: ½ to 1, with meals.

This formula is a safe and useful remedy for either adults or children at all seasons of the year, but especially in the Spring and Autumn. It purifies the blood, clears the skin from pimples, and promotes healthy changes in the entire organism. Price 2/6 (72 tablets), 4/6 (144 tablets).

You can obtain these Prescriptions post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from:—

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. **63 (J.B.44), Grove Road, Bow, LONDON, E.3**

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 1a, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; 1148, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 49, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

Thinking for 5,000,000 MEN

Trade Union Congress Rules British Industry

by **A. G. GARDINER**

NEXT Monday the Trade Union Congress will meet at Belfast under the presidency of Mr. Ben Tillett, M.P. It is the second time in history that it has met at a time when a Labour Government has been in office at Westminster, but the present occasion is much more significant than that of 1924.

Then the Labour Government was numerically only the second strongest Party in the House, and it existed precariously on the good will of the Liberals. It was, in a sense, a Government of caretakers.

To-day its position is much more established and authoritative. It commands the largest following in Parliament and its position is infinitely stronger and more independent than it was on the previous occasion.

Neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals can profitably turn it into the street and force another election, for, without very strong provocation, that course would almost certainly benefit Labour rather than its opponents.

There seems no reason why Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues should not remain in power for some years to come, possibly for the normal five-year life of the Parliament.

"Straws show . . ."

Much depends upon the attitude of organised labour towards it, and the coming congress will give a strong indication of what that attitude will be.

The trade unions are the vertebræ of the political Labour movement. It is their resources in numbers, in wealth, and, above all, in organisation that has brought Labour to power; and, so long as they support the political instrument they have created, its future is assured.

Its growth has been the overshadowing fact of post-war history in this country, and there is no ground for supposing that the limits of that growth have yet been reached.

The course of political events during the next few years will turn largely upon the temper and wisdom of the Trade Union Congress. As a source of political power it has no rival in the State.

But it is not in itself a political instrument, and if it were ill-advised enough to attempt to control Parliament it would break the weapon it has fashioned.

Labour's core

For though trade unionism is the core of the political Labour Party, that Party as an instrument of Government has functions and responsibilities that transcend the special interests of organised labour.

If it were subordinated to those interests it would cease to command the confidence of the nation, which would not tolerate a Government that took its instructions from an outside power not elected by the country and not answerable to the country.

Fortunately, there has never been any tendency among either the rank or file of trade unionism to coquet with the idea of "proletarian dictatorship."

That weed has never flourished in our soil, and the experience of its devastating failure in Russia is unlikely to encourage its growth here.

Nothing was more remarkable in the recent General Election, which placed the Labour Government in power, than the contemptuous rejection of the Communist candidates. They were not merely defeated; they were annihilated. And the complete repudiation by the Trade Union Congress of the whole philosophy and aims of Sovietism is expressed in the annual report which will be presented to the congress at Belfast on Monday.

In that report the conspiracy engineered from Moscow to disintegrate the British trade union movement and to erect upon its ruins a Communist tyranny is exposed with ruthless directness.

The conspiracy has been in vain.

It has done infinite harm to multitudes of innocent victims; but it has now run its course, and the report shows that the disruptive elements in the trade union movement instigated by the Communist Party and the National Minority Movement are having a constantly diminishing influence.

Down with the Reds!

This denunciation of the revolutionary movement will strike the keynote of the coming congress, and there is every reason to expect that it will represent the spirit of the leaders of the trade union movement who will take part in its deliberations.

There will, of course, be conspicuous absentees from those leaders, notably Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Ben Turner, all of whom are now filling important offices in the Labour Government.

Their loss will be severely felt, for it must be admitted that trade unionism of late years has not been so fertile as formerly in throwing up its powerful personalities.

It is no disrespect to Mr. Ben Tillett to say that the honour of presiding over the gathering is a tribute to his past rather than to his present place in the trade union movement.

If I were asked to nominate the most formidable of the younger personalities who will be present at the congress, I should name Mr. Ernest Bevin, the secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which, with a membership of half a million, is now one of the three numerically strongest unions in the country.

Mr. Bevin has something of "Al" Smith's natural genius for affairs. He is undoubtedly the ablest organiser in the movement. His powers of speech are not great, though sufficient. His gift is for action.

The three in the middle are (left to right) Mr. John Bromley, Mr. Cramp and Mr. Herbert Smith. At the bottom you see Mr. Ernest Bevin

The two at the top are Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Arthur Cook, who wears a hat

He sees the whole circumference of things with a swift intuitiveness; and he has a power of imposing his will on great bodies of men with an emphasis that will not admit of denial.

His future is in the industrial rather than the political sphere; and should any great conflict come he would inevitably be the dominating and directing force. That is all to the good, for though he is ruthless in action, he has sound judgment and a statesmanlike outlook.

In solid constructive ability he is equalled only, in my opinion, by Mr. Arthur Pugh.

The statesmanship of these two men was most conspicuously displayed during the general strike, in the progress and settlement of which they played a part at once wise and courageous, which has never yet been sufficiently recognised.

Mr. Pugh, like several other big figures in the Labour movement, had to fend for himself from boyhood, his parents having died in his infancy. The character he moulded then has been of priceless value to the trade unions.

With these two I should place Mr. Herbert Smith, the miners' leader, as among most sane and reliable influences in the congress. He has none of Mr. Bevin's initiative and drive, and, hitched to the same chariot as the volatile Mr. A. J. Cook, he has a difficult task to fulfil.

Honest horse-sense

But no man in the Labour movement has more honesty or more plain horse-sense than Herbert Smith; and because of those qualities no one carries more weight in controversy.

His strength is his pure disinterestedness and his single-minded passion for the miners, among whom his whole life has been spent.

After Herbert Smith, but not unlike him in the influence he wields, is Mr. Will Thorne, of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, with a membership nearly as great as that of the Miners' Federation.

Will Thorne is as familiar a figure in Parliament as he is at the Trade Union Congress; and in both places, in spite of the occasional explosiveness of his speech, he is respected for his good sense, his love of justice and the essential reasonableness of his thought.

No flattery

It would be flattery which he would resent to suggest that Mr. C. T. Cramp, who represents the National Union of Railwaymen, is the equal to Mr. J. H. Thomas in astuteness and the arts of diplomacy.

But he is none the less among the half-dozen ablest men who will be at the congress. He knows his own mind, speaks with considerable force, and never talks or thinks nonsense.

The same tribute may be paid to Mr. George Hicks, Mr. A. B. Swales and Mr. A. G. Walkden, of the Railway Clerks' Association.

I have taken these figures as the representative men of the congress. They are the type of men who understand quite well that the real object of trade unionism is not political revolution nor the domination of Parliament.

Space does not permit an adequate reference to more than a handful of the personalities who will dominate the debates at Belfast.

It may be, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has long prophesied, that there will come a clash between the unions and a Labour Government; but there is no present menace of that clash.

I think it much more likely that, with a Labour Government in power, there will be less tendency than formerly for trade unionism to seek to usurp the functions of Parliament, or to indulge in the propaganda of revolution.

LEG TROUBLES CONQUERED

A Home Treatment Triumphs without Rest, Relapse or Operation.

Astonishing FREE OFFER to All Sufferers

Thousands of patients praise the day they used the Tremol Treatment, the most successful Treatment in the world for all forms of bad legs. With this powerful Treatment varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with Varicose Veins disappear. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

Definite Relief.

Unlike other treatments for Bad Legs, it is specially prepared for each individual case. It attacks and removes the cause. Nothing is left to chance. Every case gets the right Treatment according to its particular needs, whatever form the leg trouble may take. From the first day of Treatment each case is under the personal control of our Specialists and staff. The case has separate and individual attention as if it were the one and only case. There is no guesswork, no experimenting. If necessary daily Treatment and advice is given to ensure uninterrupted progress.

Tremol is Your Own Treatment.

Why does Tremol give such grand results? Because it is an individual Treatment—it is your own Treatment. It is prepared and compounded specially for you. It is adapted and suited exactly to your own case. The instructions, which are so clear and simple that anyone can understand them, enable you to apply the Treatment successfully in your own home. Only a few minutes daily are required. Tremol has proved successful in thousands of cases. Its efficacy has won the highest praise and recommendation. It is the recognised treatment for Bad Legs and is a household word in thousands of homes the wide world over.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs without Resting.

Without the aid of rest Tremol has proved to be the greatest boon sufferers have ever known. With Tremol you carry out your work as usual. There is no lying up. No resting in bed for weeks or months. No loss of wages or paying for help in the house. Tremol does its work whilst you do yours. As the sufferer is getting about day by day the leg becomes easier and is soundly healed. There is no relapse. After a short course of Tremol Treatment thousands of patients have declared their legs to be as sound as a bell. They now get about in perfect comfort with sound legs free from pain or worry.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS,
OPEN WOUNDS ON THE LEG,
VARICOSE ECZEMA,
WEEPING ECZMEA,
SORE AND INFLAMED LEGS,
SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS,
STIFF AND PAINFUL JOINTS?

If you suffer from any of these or any other leg trouble—Tremol is the Treatment you need. Results speak louder than words, and the record of the Tremol Treatment stands unrivalled.

TREMOL IS THE IDEAL HOME TREATMENT.

SIMPLE ULCER COMBINED WITH VARICOSE VEINS
ECZEMA DRY SCALY OR WEEPING
VARICOSE ULCERS COMBINED WITH VARICOSE ECZEMA
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"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why"

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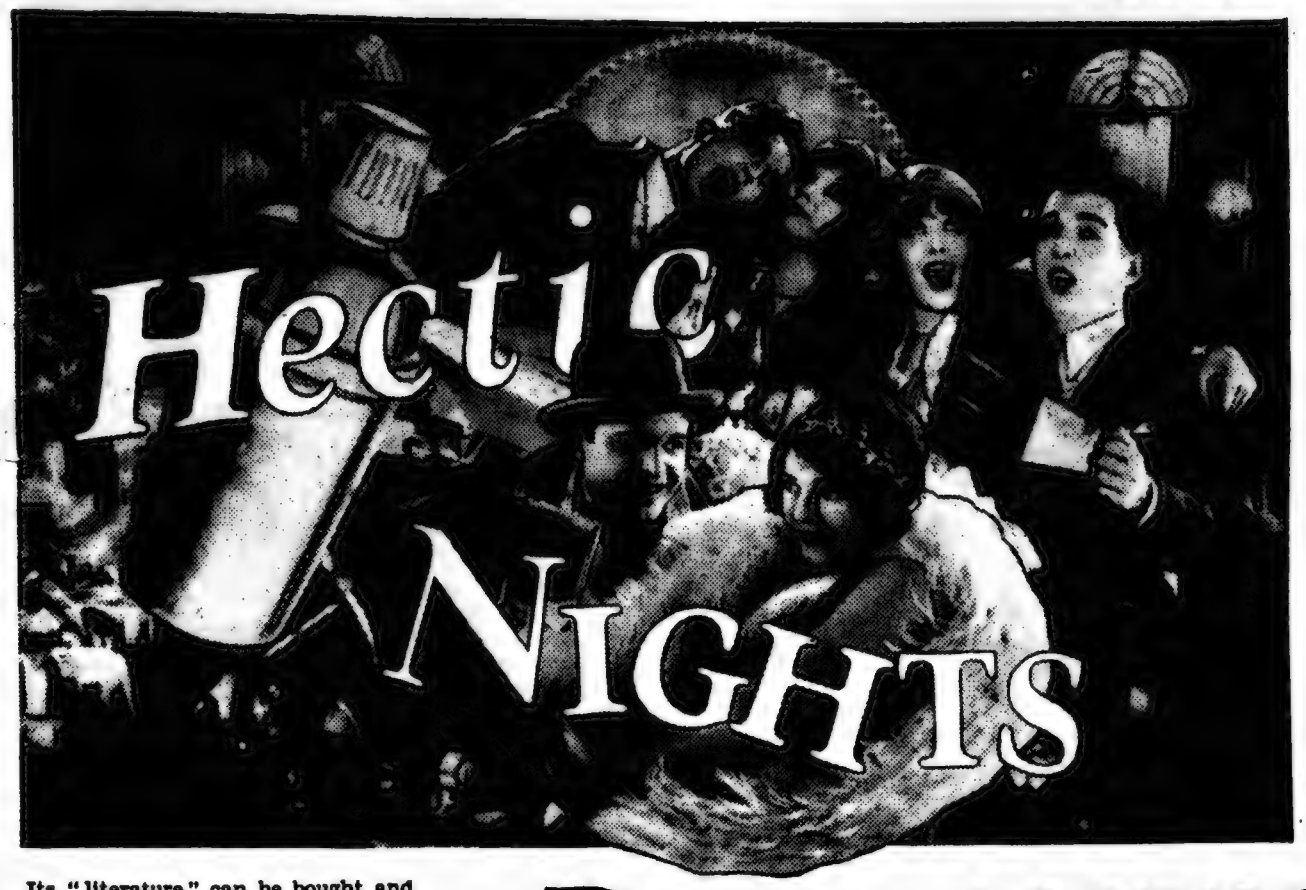


—Dawn ANEW

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

SINCE Mrs. Meyrick and Sergeant Goddard disappeared behind prison walls there has been a distinct falling-off in the popularity of London's so-called "night clubs."

Lord Byng, too, has been very active. There have been raids and fines and deportations: and the life of a night-club proprietor has become a little too hectic to suit the majority of the gentlemen who live richly on the foolishness of bored and idle people.

London, the authorities would have us believe, has been cleansed. Maybe—and maybe not. Was it not only the other day that a club was raided, despite "Jix" and "Dora" and Lord Byng?

There are still night-clubs in London, if you know where to look for them. Vice has not been suppressed: it has only been driven into hiding.

Vain suppression

It is always a debatable point whether it is better for the authorities to embark on a campaign of suppression or whether they cannot achieve their ends better by careful and constant surveillance, keeping the potential lawbreakers under their eye, knowing all they do, and able at a moment's notice to pounce, should the need arise.

It is not often that suppression really suppresses. Mostly it merely drives the object of suppression into hiding. It rarely, if ever, kills it.

"I cannot understand," said a well-known public man to me the other day, "why Scotland Yard and the Home Office allow the Communist bookshop to remain open. If I had my way, I would shut it down to-morrow. Why on earth do they allow a shop to exist in the middle of London whose avowed purpose it is to spread revolution and subversive propaganda?"

I think they do it for two reasons. First, because they are, and rightly, contemptuous of the Communists and anything they can do. Second, because so long as their shop remains open it can be watched with the greatest of ease.

Its "literature" can be bought and read by the authorities as easily as by John Citizen, and anything can be seized that is worth seizing.

Shut their shop and who knows where this "literature" will be printed and sold? I think the authorities are wise to leave it alone.

What has all this to do with the night-clubs? Simply that it is the very pointed moral that adorns the tale of "Dora," "Jix," and Lord Byng.

Suppression has not killed the night-clubs; it has driven them to conceal themselves in a more sinister form.

Where they are not to be found in the West End of London, they are to be found springing up by the dozen on London's outskirts.

Country night-clubs—what the Americans and their films call "road houses"—are rising like r[illegible]hrooms, and the evil of the night-clubs is mild to the positive menace of these new haunts.

The Thames Valley is thick with them; they are even to be found now in the provinces.

They are run by men and women who used to infest the West End until it became too hot for them. Night after night scores of men and women motor out to these places to dance and drink until dawn.

Now, I think more sheer rubbish has been written about "the hectic life of night-clubs" than about anything else. Fiction writers and descriptive newspaper writers have talked about its "colour" and "gaiety" until the words are worn out.

Yet the truth is that a night-club is the dullest and dreariest place on earth, except to those who know its real purpose and resort to it for "business."

Don't tell me that anyone can really find pleasure in dancing in a tawdry atmosphere to the bad music of a bad band, varied by drinking doctored liquor at extortionate prices! Not even the thrill of knowing that the drinks are being sold illegally can compensate for the utter boredom of such an experience.

Traps and cages

The only persons who have any real use for a night-club are the purveyor of vice and the seeker after viciousness. The clubs are purposeless except as traps for virtue and cages for decadence.

A garage proprietor at one of these up-river resorts recently put the matter bluntly.

"It is a common occurrence," he said, "for a girl to come to my garage and say she has been to some club with a man who has left her stranded because she will not comply with his wishes.

"I do what I can to help girls to get back to London, but it is difficult. They seldom have any money."

Does it never occur to a silly girl who goes down from town to one of these places with a casual acquaintance that rich young men do not go to what an imaginative reporter recently called "these hectic haunts in a rural setting" just for the fun of a drive through the night and a fox-trot or two?

There are quite a number who have learnt in the last few weeks that night-clubs are not all that fancy and the novelist paint them. They are wiser now—and sadder.

But it is a more serious matter than the danger to a number of innocent girls. It is no use stamping out a number of plague-spots in one district just to see them spread over a score of others.

Whisky parable

These rural night-clubs are so many social sores. Their proprietors need not so much suppressing as exterminating.

"You English!" said a Frenchman, commenting on our method of drinking whisky, "I can't make you out.

"You take a cold and strong drink. You add hot water to it to make it warm and weak. You add lemon to make it sour, and sugar to make it sweet.

"Then you say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it yourselves!"

This night-club business puzzles me as much as the whisky puzzled the Frenchman. We strike a club off the register and allow it to reopen under another name. We deport its proprietor and allow him to return by the next boat.

I should be sorry to see England lose altogether her reputation for freedom. I am no alien-hunter who would like to see every foreigner thrown out merely because he is not British. But I would like to see an end to our foolish habit of playing with these professional vice-mongers.

They are all of them known to the police. Scotland Yard is a good deal wiser than many people think. Why are they not rounded up and sent home? And why are they not made to understand that once home they are home for good?

Sinking?

I am rather proud of my country, and I do not want to see it sink, even in this respect, to the level of an American film.

Lord Byng has dealt with Sergeant Goddard; let him deal equally effectively with those who made Goddard—*and others*—their dupes.

So long as human beings exist we shall never exterminate vice. But we can at least rid society of its open and unashamed purveyors of it.

The Human Machine

YOU CAN'T Cheat Life

WE are often surprised at other people's ideas of us. We firmly believe we are one thing—they as firmly persist in believing we are quite different.

We should not be surprised. For in life as in sport it is the onlooker who sees most of the game. It is the spectators, the men and women whom we meet and to whom we talk, who can judge us with surprising accuracy.

For, whether we like it or not, we draw our portrait for other people to see with every word we speak and with everything we do. We cannot, try as we will, conceal our real characters for long from our fellows.

We are continually judging ourselves: if we do not always recognise the verdict, we may be sure that others do. Our words, our opinions, our very thoughts form an easily read index to what we are.

Why, then, should we be surprised if we do wrong and find that we suffer wrong in turn? Why, if we hate people, should we be astonished if they learn to hate us? What is there mysterious about friendship and kindness reaping a similar reward?

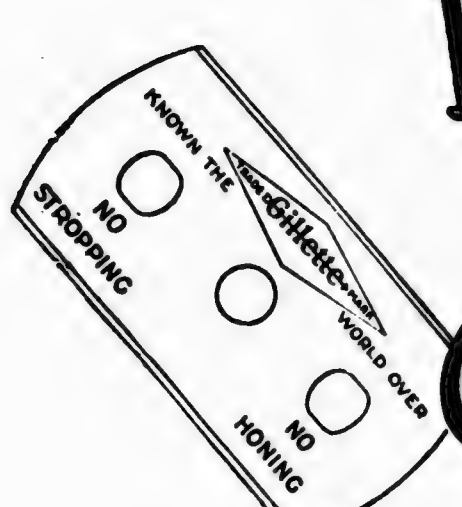
It is no good trying to cheat in the game of life. Nature is too clever to be taken in, and she has a nasty knack of seeing that in the end we only cheat ourselves.

Life is governed by a very definite law of compensation. We can have what we like—so long as we buy it and pay for it. There is nothing to be had for nothing.

The ancient world had a theory that Nemesis kept watch over the universe to see that no offence went unpunished. It was not so fantastic as it seems; but the ancient world never seemed to see the other side of the shield—that nothing good goes unrewarded.

The reward may be nothing more tangible than a calm spirit; but there are some things that cannot be measured in money.

Tomorrow never comes



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BRINGING 'EM DOWN

FOOTBALL—

but "Not Cricket"

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

THE opening of the football season has put Mr. Snowden and The Hague Conference in the shade. We are like that. For the next eight months millions will discuss and argue, not affairs of State, but what Kipling once called, with an astonishing lack of perception, "muddied oafs."

So important a part of our national life is football that it is vital to see that scandal does not overwhelm it. It is in danger of doing so unless the Football Association wakes up.

The present system of transfer fees is more than a blot on the game: it is a canker eating out its very heart. Why does the Football Association persist in ignoring the repeated demands that are made for action?

County cricket is not soiled by the clubs purchasing players from one another at prices that run up to £10,000. Why should football clubs be permitted to buy championship honours—for that is what it amounts to?

There is not much sportsmanship in a system that practically hands over the Cup to the club with the longest purse.

It sounds rather ugly when it is put in that way, but it is the truth. If it happened in the cricket world every lover of the game would jeer and sneer at the county that attained its object by such means.

MOREOVER, the transfer system is as grossly unfair to the player as to the public. Last season a well-known international player was sold for five figures—sold as openly and cynically as slaves used to be sold. Who got the money? Not the player. If he got a hundred or two he did well.

By his skill and popularity he drew thousands of pounds into the coffers of his former club, but he never benefited. His merits and drawing power brought him less than £10 a week—the maximum the League allows.

Then when the tempting offer was received he was sold—and thousands of pounds were made from his sale.

This is what is called "sport." We could think of several other things to call it, and they would be much more truthful.

A few days ago there was an advertisement in a newspaper by a player asking for employment. The advertisement ended: "Transfer fee £750."

The advertiser was a young player who had turned professional. Last May his club refused to re-engage him. All the summer he has been without wages, and yet the transfer system permits the club—who did not pay him a penny when it engaged him—to put a price of £750 on his head.

This rotten canker needs ruthlessly cutting away from our national game. It could be done in a moment if the Football Association and the Football League got together and got a move on.

They would certainly have the undivided support of both players and public.

* * *

OUR amazement at magisterial decisions has never been hidden. Our amazement is raised to positive stupefaction to find two London occupants of the Bench differing about whether the stealing of a motor-car for the purpose of "joy-riding" is theft or not.

Plain as a Pikestaff

To our mind the removal of a person's property is stealing. If there is a fine legal distinction we are not interested. If the law cannot punish the intolerable and growing nuisance of the "joy-rider," it should be very speedily amended so that it can.

We fancy that if a man walked into another man's house and "borrowed" a Treasury note the plea that "he had no felonious intent at the time of taking it" would not be of much avail.

Does a motor-car differ from a pound note? Does theft cease to be theft because the thief meant—some time—to restore the stolen property?

If so, the law is more of an ass than ever we thought.

WE do not quite know why all the fuss has occurred just because the General Council of the Trade Union Congress has repeated something that it has known for years—namely, that the British Communists are subsidised from Moscow and act under the Soviet's instructions.

A Very Old Story

So far as we know, they have never hidden the fact. Was not Mr. Walton Newbold, once a Communist and now a most respectable member of the orthodox Labour Party, at one time openly an "honorary member of the Soviet" and a "colonel" in the Red Army?

Why all the bother? The joke is not on us, but on Moscow.

If the Soviet thinks its thousands of pounds well invested in bolstering up one of the biggest farces this country has ever seen, it is best left to its dreams.

We don't know what return it thinks it is getting: we know what it is actually getting, and that is rather less than nothing.

If the derisive result of the Leeds by-election—a straight fight between the Labour candidate and the Communist—did not open Moscow's eyes nothing ever will. Communism in this country has never been in a position to profit by Red money; it was stillborn.

We should like to tell Moscow another thing.

Contemptuous as we are of its methods and ideas, the British breed of "Bolshevik" is even more contemptuous. He cheerfully lines his own pocket with Soviet money and grins at the simplicity of his "masters."

If Moscow suddenly demanded an account of the stewardship of the British Communists who are taking money as propagandists of international Socialism it would get a nasty shock.

Still, it is just as well that the facts have been authoritatively stated at last. It may stop a lot of free advertisement that certain papers have for years been giving our imitation revolutionaries.

The Menace of CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

The CORSICAN

by H. ASHTON WOLFE

"... Misfortune overtook Pietro Manzoni"

Beautiful Giuseppa Toldi's life was all but ruined

The dagger seemed such damning evidence

Dubois—cunning, morose, ruthless

ALTHOUGH in theory circumstantial evidence is no evidence, men and women are convicted every year on what is really nothing but a presumption of guilt.

The tragedy of Pietro Manzoni, a native of Corsica, who underwent exquisite mental torture in consequence of a vile plot, occurred so recently that no doubt many will remember the brief reports in the English papers.

Pietro Manzoni had migrated from his island home to the South of France when only a lad of sixteen.

At the end of ten laborious years he had succeeded in building up a flourishing business, and was greatly esteemed by his neighbours.

He had left Corsica chiefly in order to break from the toils of a vendetta, the traditional blood feud of his land, which had rested like a blight on his family for more than a century.

At a carnival dance Pietro met beautiful Giuseppa Toldi, the daughter of an Italian sculptor, and fell madly in love with her.

Although there were many suitors, his passionate wooing swept the girl off her feet, the young couple became engaged, and the date for the wedding was fixed.

Then misfortune overtook Pietro Manzoni.

One evening, when returning home after a game of cards at the Café de l'Europe, he was hailed boisterously by a neighbour named Dubois, and invited to crack a bottle of wine with him in celebration of an unexpected inheritance.

Pietro was much surprised at this invitation, for Dubois had always impressed him as a surly fellow. Since, however, Dubois was one of his best customers, he accepted.

The jollification, Dubois explained, was to take place at an inn some distance from Marseilles, where all his friends had already assembled. Taking the Corsican's arm, he added that they would go there in his car.

To Pietro the drive seemed endless, for Dubois spoke but little, and seemed to be chiefly concerned with his car lights, which were very dim.

Abruptly, at a deserted spot on the coast, the engine also began to behave queerly, and, as Dubois slowed down, it stopped altogether. He tried vainly to restart it, but finally desisted, and declared that they had better leave the car and continue on foot.

Dubois was becoming increasingly morose, and indeed almost quarrelsome, and the hour was so late that Pietro decided to risk the lonely road to town on foot. His companion raised no objection, neither did he apologise for the mishap.

Furious at this lack of courtesy, the Corsican started on his long walk home without another word.

Dead lamps

One o'clock sounded from a distant church as he entered his flat and turned the switch. But something was wrong, for none of the lamps would light.

Fortunately, he possessed an electric torch, which usually lay on the dressing-table in his bedroom. Feeling his way in the dark, he reached it and was about to return to the hall when his gaze fell on the bed

An icy, numbing shock unnerved him as he stared at a dark, motionless human figure lying on the linen cover, and saw that something that looked like the haft of a knife and shone faintly in the moonlight protruded from the breast.

Gathering all his courage, Pietro picked up the torch and flashed its rays over the gruesome discovery.

It was the body of a man, and he recognised the pallid, lifeless face as that of a former suitor of Giuseppa Toldi, a chemist's assistant named Marsouin, who had rented the flat above him for several years. Worse still, he recognised the dagger in the man's heart.

It was his own, the Corsican knife on which, before he died, his father had compelled him to swear the vendetta.

Unreasoning panic seized him. He tiptoed to the bed and laid his hand on the white face. It was evident that the man had been dead for some time, but Pietro realised how difficult it would be for him to prove where he had spent half the night.

Dreadful burden

Moreover, on several occasions he had quarrelled with Marsouin, and if he roused the neighbours and called the police, they would surely arrest him as the murderer.

A quick jerk dislodged the dagger; then he lifted the body, hoisted it to his shoulders, and felt his way cautiously down the stairs. The street appeared to be quite deserted. Not far away was an unfinished building.

With a sigh of relief, he deposited his dreadful burden on a pile of stones, and then ran like one possessed to his house. He almost screamed as a hand fell on his shoulder and a light shone in his eye.

Two watching policemen had seen Pietro emerge and had arrived in time to capture him, as they thought, red-handed. Detectives immediately searched his flat.

It seemed of great importance to them that there was a round patch of congealed blood on the linen cover, and that on the floor where Pietro had dropped it, was a dagger.

The rooms were locked and sealed, the body of the murdered man sent to the mortuary, and Pietro taken to the cells.

A *juge d'instruction* was at once put in charge of the case, and during the forenoon he sent for the unfortunate man.

As a consequence of the reaction which had seized on him, Pietro was seething with rage, and the violence of his speech and gestures made his story sound so fantastic that when he had shouted himself to a standstill the judge merely asked if he had known the dead man, and if the knife belonged to him. Pietro was compelled to answer in the affirmative.

Thereafter, witness succeeded witness, until the official no longer entertained the slightest doubt of Pietro's guilt.

That the murdered man had been a suitor for the hand of the girl Giuseppa was well known. He had continued to pester her with his attentions, although she had become engaged to Pietro, and in a fit of rage, when the Corsican heard of this, he had publicly threatened to kill the chemist.

Denials

At the request of the lawyer chosen to defend the accused, the magistrate interrogated Dubois, who emphatically denied that he had invited Pietro to accompany him in his car and that, owing to a breakdown, his guest had been compelled to return on foot.

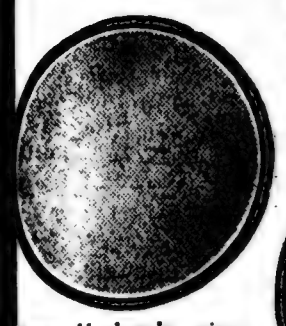
He brought witnesses to prove that he had arrived before midnight at the inn, where he had caroused with his friends until dawn.

No one had seen the unhappy man enter the car, nor had he met a single person on his long walk to town.

The magistrate thereupon decided to commit Pietro for trial; but the lawyer demanded that first an expert from the scientific laboratories should be allowed to check the evidence collected by the police.

Hardly had the scientist begun

DAGGER



Venous blood under microscope. See how different from the arterial in the next picture

(Below) Microphotograph of the chemical test which proved that the blood on the bed was arterial. The dots are blood corpuscles

How bloodstains vary: 1. The wounded man was slowly walking; 2. He was running; 3. He stood still but swayed dizzily; 4. He was slowly collapsing; 5. He stood absolutely motionless

his investigation when the whole aspect of the case changed.

It was proved beyond doubt that the death of the young chemist was due to poison, and that the knife had been driven through his heart long after life was extinct. The police doctor had been deceived by the blood on the clothes and the bed, and his examination had been quite superficial.

Microscope and analysis disclosed the fact that this blood was arterial and had therefore come from a mere flesh wound, yet there was no such wound on the dead man.

The scientific investigator then examined the viscera, and thus discovered that the poison which had killed Marsouin was digitalis, and that it had been injected by means of an hypodermic syringe.

Curiously enough, because the man had been employed as a chemist, the police had not reported that a phial and syringe were found on the carpet in his bedroom.

Both were identified as the property of his employer, and had been taken from a cupboard to which only he and Marsouin had a key.

Was it suicide?

The expert was emphatically of the opinion that the young man had committed suicide, and in support of this theory he produced several enlarged photographs of his bed and mattress, on which the deeply marked impress of an inert body was plainly visible.

A sheet, dragged half across the floor, seemed to indicate that someone had entered the room when Marsouin was already dead, and had lifted him up, pulling the sheet away as he did so.

This unknown had then carried the body to Pietro's flat, placed it on the bed, driven the knife into its heart, and removed a fuse from the switchboard so that when the Corsican came home he would be unable to turn on the electric light.

The expert now accumulated proof upon proof. Photographs of the locks on the various doors showed that skeleton keys had been used to effect an entry.

Some tiny bloodstains on the floor near the Corsican's bed had the well-known characteristic appearance of blood that has dripped from someone standing upright. Obviously they could not have come from the man whose heart had been pierced by a dagger.

Moreover, a close scrutiny of the stairs led to the discovery of several rugged tears in the wallpaper, about 4 ft. from the ground, evidently made by the dead man's boots scraping against the wall when he was carried to Pietro's flat.

Apparently, the Corsican's mysterious enemy was endowed with diabolical cunning, and had thought out every detail of his plan. Marsouin had undoubtedly undressed before injecting the poison, so, in order to make it appear that Pietro had enticed him to his flat it had been necessary to dress him again.

The expert at once examined the boots and found particles of the wallpaper on the edge of the soles.

Everything pointed to Dubois as the unknown plotter, but before arousing his suspicions, the *juge d'instruction* determined to discover the motive behind the cowardly scheme. He shrewdly surmised that a woman was at the bottom of it all, and sent for Mlle. Giuseppa Toldi.

When he asked if Dubois had ever made love to her she became terribly agitated.

"That horrible man!" she exclaimed. "Why, he persecuted me for nearly a year. I did not dare to tell Pietro because I was afraid he might do something rash."

Still troubled

"Why did you not inform me of this at once?" the magistrate cried in surprise.

"It never entered my head that Dubois might be responsible for the terrible crime of which my fiancé is accused."

The *juge d'instruction* nodded and dismissed the girl. He was still troubled about one point: How was it that the chemist's suicide had happened so opportunely? He

Here is Dubois' car. He sits in it beside the driver. X indicates the scientific expert who unravelled the whole tangle in his laboratory. A picture taken after Dubois' arrest

discussed this with the expert, who was of opinion that Dubois had probably known of the young man's infatuation for Giuseppa and the Corsican's threats.

He had therefore feigned to be friendly with Marsouin.

It seemed likely that the chemist had informed Dubois that he was resolved to take his own life, and the latter had at once perceived how he could ruin a hated rival without risk.

The people with whom Dubois had caroused on the fatal night were once more interrogated, but from a new angle. All related that their friend had appeared unexpectedly during the afternoon and had invited them to a dinner at a restaurant on the coast.

Curiously enough, Dubois had telephoned to the inn where they had foregathered, at the last minute. After explaining that he could not arrive in time for the dinner, he had requested his guests to begin without waiting for him.

Midnight arrival

It had been nearly midnight when at last Dubois joined them. He appeared to have had trouble with his car, and carried his left arm stiffly.

The chemist for whom Marsouin had worked was also questioned, and admitted that on the day of his death the young man had looked so ill that he had advised him to go home.

When every link in the chain of proof against the cunning Dubois was thus complete, the magistrate sent for him and asked abruptly, "Why did you not inform me, monsieur, that your car broke down before eleven o'clock on the evening Marsouin was murdered, and that, because of this unforeseen circumstance, you did not join your friends until long past eleven; and that, moreover, you injured your left arm trying to repair your engine in the dark?

"It has been proven by our laboratory experts that Marsouin was poisoned and that the blood on the bed did not come from the knife wound. Take off your jacket and let me examine your arm."

Realising his peril, the man jumped up in alarm and attempted to reach the door; but two waiting detectives were on guard. He was immediately seized, and his left arm was examined.

One glance at the short, deep cut, which had severed a small artery, was enough.

"Self-inflicted," he remarked.

"Charles Dubois," the magistrate exclaimed, "You are arrested for the murder of Guillaume Marsouin."

"No—no," the fellow cried wildly; "Marsouin committed suicide. I will tell the truth."

And so, at last, all the details of the vile scheme were disclosed. The young chemist had indeed told Dubois of his desperate resolve, and had shown him the syringe and phial of poison taken from his employer's shop.

Dubois, who since the betrothal of Pietro and Giuseppa had become obsessed with the desire to prevent the marriage from taking place, immediately divined how this suicide could be utilised.

Bogus beanfeast

He accompanied Marsouin to his flat, and after taking an imprint of the lock, had rushed off and invited a number of friends to celebrate a fictitious inheritance, choosing for this an inn as far from town as possible.

He then followed Pietro from his office to a restaurant, and when he had seen him settle down to dinner, hurried back and entered Marsouin's rooms with the help of skeleton keys.

To his joy, the young man was already dead. He dressed the body, and carried it to Pietro's flat.

A Corsican dagger lying on the bedside table seemed to him a better means for making it appear that Marsouin had been murdered than the rope he had at first intended to twist round the neck. He drove the blade into the body.

To his annoyance, the wound did not bleed, and he had then coolly opened a vein in his arm and allowed the blood to soak into the clothes and bed-cover.

The invitation and the prearranged breakdown of the car far from town, which had compelled Pietro Manzoni to return alone late at night, had been part of the devilish plot, as also was the removal of the fuse.

Manzoni was at once released; he sold his business and left France soon after with his young wife.

Dubois was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for conspiracy. Yet had not modern science assisted the police, there is little doubt that another victim of circumstantial evidence would have been claimed by blind justice.

This happy man's good nature is tickled afresh every time he lights a smoke —for every smoke he lights is a Manikin.

Maybe you have never smoked Manikins? If not, you have yet to enjoy the finer delights of pure Ripe Tobacco——Mellow, Mild and Satisfying. Enjoyment in every puff—Manikin flavour runs round the palate —smooth as a fine old port.

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5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

REAL LIFE STORIES

by famous Authors

Illustrated by E. J. Kealey

"When their victim grew wide-eyed with horror and even trembled, they laughed unfeelingly. . . .

ON Easter Sunday, 1915, the *Lusitania* left New York. She was bound for Liverpool, and in due time completed her voyage. It was the last time she ever did complete it. A month later she left New York again, and after that, as the whole world knows, was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Irish coast.

The *Lusitania* ought to have sailed on Saturday afternoon instead of Sunday morning. She was held up for fourteen hours by a blizzard. It was the worst blizzard I have ever seen—a high wind, driving snow, and a temperature that stiffened into sharp ice every flake that fell.

The delay had one interesting but quite unimportant result for the passengers, who sat all the afternoon in the smoking-room. We saw that day's evening papers.

They contained an account of our departure, written by reporters who failed to discover the fact that we had not departed. It was rather like reading one's own obituary. We were treated to good headlines and large print.

"Five Hundred Pale Passengers Face Submarine Peril." That was about the mildest of the headlines. The paragraphs underneath them assured us that our chances of reaching Liverpool were small.

I DID not notice that any one actually looked pale. But about getting safe to Liverpool we were very much of the same opinion as the reporters. While we waited for the blizzard to subside we told each other stories of the warnings we had received.

There was a lady who knew another lady who was the wife of some one in the German Embassy in Washington. She had been implored, on bended knees, by the German lady, to travel in any ship except the *Lusitania*. "There was a friend of mine who had been told—I forget by whom, but it was someone who knew what he was talking about—that the German submarines were 'laying' for us."

"An Austrian banker had besought me, with tears in his eyes, to cancel my passage on the *Lusitania*, or, if I was too pig-headed to do that, at least to send my money—there was not very much of it—by an American ship."

Everyone had a tale of this sort to tell, and with the telling the tales improved. If we were not as pale as the reporters said we were, we very well might have been.

The first part of the voyage was pleasant enough, and there was nothing unusual about the behaviour of the passengers. There was a tacit understanding that torpedoes were not a proper subject of conversation.

Submarines were never mentioned in the dining-saloons, the smoking-room, the library or the music-room. They were not mentioned anywhere except in the barber's shop. The ship's barber had been on a ship which was sunk earlier in the war, and he liked telling any one who would listen to him what it felt like.

I think he injured his trade by his delight in horrific details. I gave up going to him for my morning shave, with the result that I cut myself a couple of times on rough days. Several other men felt as I did and deserted the barber.

But he did not lose all his customers. There was a sallow, fattish man, who looked as if he were connected with the shadier side of finance, perhaps money-lending to the impecunious. His name appeared on the passenger list as Lewson, which suggested a descent from the priestly tribe.

HE drank in with a kind of agonised delight every word that the barber said. He was thoroughly frightened, so frightened that it is a wonder he sailed with us at all. Like many men in that state, he could not keep away from the subject which terrified him. No one else would talk to him about the submarines, so he spent most of his time with the barber.

There were also among the passengers some heartless young men who discovered poor Lewson's weakness. They encouraged the barber to invent blood-curdling incidents.

When their victim grew wide-eyed with horror and trembled, they laughed unfeelingly. It was a cruel sport, but none of us had much sympathy with the sufferer. His obvious terror annoyed us, and we felt that he was getting no more than he deserved.

Like Noah's contemporaries, we ate and drank. If we did not marry or give in marriage, we at all events listened to the ship's band, danced occasionally,

"When the Luck Turned"

A True Story by
C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

Next Week

. . . It was a cruel sport, but none of us had much sympathy with the sufferer"

The Gambler

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

tells a true story of the "Lusitania's" last voyage before the U-boat got her

tramped measured miles round the shelter-deck, and played bridge. I played more bridge during the first few days of that voyage than in all my life before. I sincerely hope that I shall never play as much again.

At last we drew near the dreaded Irish coast, and a feeling of suppressed excitement pervaded the ship. No one, except Mr. Lewson, owned up to being actually frightened.

Conversation in the smoking-room on the last evening was as cheerful as ever, but it was slightly staccato, and hoary old jokes received a welcome which they had not enjoyed for many years.

Bridge players made reckless declarations on very poor hands, and quiet men were unusually generous in standing drinks to their neighbours.

Most of us became aware of curious and unexpected traits in our own characters. A woman confessed to me afterwards that she went to bed that night with all her clothes on, carefully taking out her dinner-frock and putting on a day-dress and a pair of thick shoes before she lay down. She did not so much mind, so she said, having to take to a boat in the middle of the night, but she absolutely refused to be caught in her nightdress.

I was differently affected. I could not bear the thought of a shut door. I was convinced that if the ship were struck by a torpedo my door would jam hopelessly, and I should be caught like a rat in a trap. I slept with my cabin door wide open, and, I fear, scandalised the steward by refusing to allow the bathroom door to be shut while I was inside.

But nobody owned up to any fear—except Mr. Lewson. His nerve broke completely. He went round the smoking-room from one group of men to another gibbering with sheer terror. He was afraid to go to bed, and said so, almost with tears.

He was afraid to be left alone, and he would be left alone if he sat up all night in the smoking-room. He implored first one and then another of us to sit up with him. We all refused. I should never willingly spend a night in Lewson's company, even if he were at his best.

That night he was disgusting in his abject terror. Yet we ought to have been a little sorry for the creature.

THERE was just one man, just one of all of us, who pitied him. This was a young man called Malden. He was about twenty years of age, a young Englishman of the usual public school type, a cheery boy, and modest. He was returning from Arizona or some such place to join up and "do his bit" in the war.

Lewson had never taken the least notice of him before that night. He was not the sort of young man to whom money could profitably be lent.

But he alone of all of us was sorry for the unfortunate coward. He actually offered to spend the night in the smoking-room with Lewson—holding the creature's hand, I suppose. In due time, or rather later, the rest of us went to bed, leaving Malden and Lewson to their vigil.

The night passed and nothing happened to us. I have no doubt that the submarines were lurking about, but they missed us that time, though they caught the *Lusitania* the next. When I went on deck in the morning the great ship was safe in the Mersey.

All we had to do was to wait till the Custom-house officers passed our luggage and then go ashore. But it was a Sunday morning, and all the Custom-house officers were—perhaps—in church. Wherever they were, we had to wait some hours before they appeared.

WHILE waiting I came on Malden. He was sitting by himself in a corner, and he seemed very dejected. This surprised me, for most of us were rather hilarious, and Malden had been cheerful through the whole voyage. I wondered what was the matter with him.

I began by asking him how he and Lewson had got on the night before. He would say very little about that; in fact, very little about anything at first, but in the end I got at the cause of his trouble.

After paying his passage to Liverpool he had just £5 left in his pocket, £5 for his railway ticket home. He wanted to go home and say good-bye to his mother before he joined up.

During the night, after the rest of us had gone to bed, Lewson proposed a game of cards by way of passing the time. They played. Lewson won and took Malden's whole £5.

According to Solomon, love is strong as death. If I ever write a commentary on that Song of his I shall add a gloss to the text:

"The love of money is stronger than the fear of death."

I should not have believed Lewson capable of taking its bottle from a baby that night. I was wrong. He was capable of robbing the only man who was sorry for him.

But perhaps I should not say "robbing." Malden insisted that the play was quite fair. It was just luck—Lewson's luck.

Pensions Problems—Our Solution

MANY people may find it difficult to believe that there are still sufferers, eleven years after the Armistice, who have not yet received justice from the Ministry of Pensions. Yet every day such cases come to the notice of our Pensions Department, which is kept constantly busy straightening out the most incredible tangles.

The pity of it is that not only do countless cases of injustice exist, but the victims have positively to fight both and nail for their bare rights. A large proportion could never obtain justice without assistance. It is this distance that our Pensions Department aims to give.

A typical example is a case brought to our notice last May by a pensioner named Mr. George Russell, of Glasgow. Mr. Russell is totally disabled and paralysed. But when his degree of war disablement was increased from 60 per cent. to 100 per cent. and he applied for the alternative pension, he was informed that he was "considered" able to earn £1 a week. He was therefore offered 72s. a week instead of 92s.

We took up the case with the Ministry of Pensions, which promised to review it again without delay.

Our Pensions Department pointed out to the Ministry of Pensions that to decide that a totally disabled person was capable of earning money was absurd, as well as unfair.

This firm stand had the desired effect, for Mr. Russell has now been awarded the full 92s., which should, of course, have been his since May.

Could anything be more scandalous than that a man in such circumstances should have to fight for justice?

ANOTHER interesting case is that of pensioner Richard Johnstone, of Kilmarnock, who was unaware of his rights until he read an article in JOHN BULL dealing with similar pensions injustices.

He was receiving a 60 per cent. pension, granted because his right leg had been partially amputated. Since this pension had been granted, however, he had undergone a second amputation, lost a further piece of leg, and was therefore entitled to an increase of pension.

We took up his case and secured an increase of 10 per cent. in his pension, with arrears amounting to £23 16s.

ONE of our most poignant cases is that of Mrs. Kirsch, of Brighton. Her son fell in the war. At the age of sixty-six, the bereaved and solitary mother was left with no pension at all. She existed by selling her household goods bit by bit, until JOHN BULL took up her case. Now she receives a "need" pension of 12s. 4d. a week.

These are but a few typical instances of the many ways in which our Pensions Department is able to assist war victims to secure their rights. Anyone in the slightest doubt should lay his case before us. It will be carefully considered by an expert, and if assistance can be given, it will be given unstintingly and without charge.

are super clean

Which is cleaner and which stays clean longer?—something that is *washed* clean or something that is *polished* clean? You can think of dozens of examples in your daily life.

Polished teeth are more than clean—they are super clean. They look whiter and stay whiter. They are teeth with the sheen, life and lustre of beautiful pearls.

Calvert's Tooth Powder polishes as it cleans. It not only removes all dullness from your teeth, but puts a beautiful "finish" to its cleaning. Even the flavour of Calvert's is cleaner. You will love its refreshing taste as much as the beauty it adds.

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

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These Mackintoshes, although low in price, are very good in quality and will give excellent service. Well made, double breasted, with deep storm collar and cuffs, taped seams and belt and deep pockets. WILL NOT ALLOW THE WET TO COME THROUGH. In:—Navy and Fawn—Ladies' and Gents'—Price, 19/11. Children's, 15/11. Send 1/- (no further payment until you have had the mack one month), and agree to pay 4/- per month. Also let us know the height, chest measure and colour required.

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TAKE THEM OUT SO THAT THEY WON'T COME BACK.

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

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Common Forms of INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

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LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly give great relief . . . I personally will prescribe them" (medical man).

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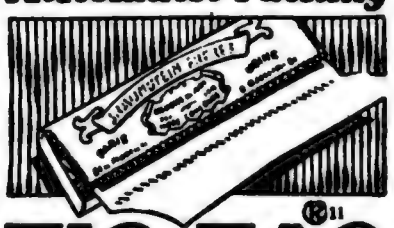

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Rose and Honeysuckle SLUMS

Disease and overcrowding shelter beneath pretty thatched roofs

Picturesque Cottages are often Whited Sepulchres

A LITTLE old cottage with a thatched roof and climbing roses: how often does that phrase express the longing of the townsman for the cleanliness and health that is supposed to be the possession of every country dweller!

People who live in flats and town houses, quite as much as the inhabitants of the slums, usually regard the cottage of the villager as a home of their dreams.

Unfortunately, all too often this conception is a pitiful mockery of fact. The hamlet of thatch and gables, of village green and pump and ancient inn, may hold slums as deadly as the dingy tenement of factory town and mining valley.

Lovely horror

There is a hamlet in the Forest of Dean, hidden in a sylvan fairyland, where each cottage is built of grey forest stone; where lichen grows upon the walls and honeysuckle in the garden.

It is a spot that the most blasé globe-trotter would wish to revisit; about which the sentimentalist would rave—until the grim horrors of life within those picturesque walls were revealed.

A man and wife, a grown-up son and two children live in one of these cottages.

You go down four steps to enter their home, and you bend your head, for the roof is barely 5 ft. 3 in. above the earthen floor, which is no more than a muddy patch in winter.

The little room is 8 ft. long. At night, the man and woman share the tiny bedroom above with the two younger children. The young man sleeps on a damp couch below.

They pay a rent of half a sovereign for this shelter. Neither water nor drainage is provided and their sanitary arrangements are shared by two neighbours.

Box and Cox

In a wooden hut on the edge of this forest is a miner who would get no sleep at all if he did not work on night shifts.

His father lies in bed while he is at work and the son returns from the pit to throw himself down on the still warm bed.

• • •

Some of the beautiful old black-and-white timbered cottages of Herefordshire are veritable dens of disease and dirt and discontent.

Built centuries ago, they are unaffected by any of the changes which have taken place in the lives and manners of the people.

The same is true of many other parts of the country. In one lovely village in the West an open channel runs down the side of the street by the cobbled pavement.

Children play by the soiled water, paddle in it, and float their wooden boats on its flood. It is the village sewer.

The cottages of farm labourers are often less habitable than the shelters of the cattle they tend. A family of five live in a hovel where the stone flags of the floor are sunk unevenly into the earth, and water, dank and unwholesome, oozes up.

The doors swing awkwardly on their hinges, the mouldering straw thatch of the roof is vermin-riddled. The rain splashes through on to the bedroom floor, and is collected in an ancient hip-bath.

The walls are mildewed and the wind whistles through the cracks as the dwellers huddle together in their beds; the stairs are rotting away.

There is no water nearer than the pump at the end of the garden, and there is no sink.

The housewife throws her slops and unused food into a reeking heap by the door.

The tiny leaded windows are seldom opened. In many cases, they have been shut for forty years.

• • •

Conditions are no better in the country market towns. In a town which boasts no more than a thousand habitations are a hundred houses which were condemned in 1914. They are still standing.

An outdoor convenience serves three households and not one of these houses has a sink.

Very young children are sometimes in danger from the rats which infest these hovels. Some time ago a tenant used two discarded sheets of iron to place round the baby's cot to keep the rats from biting the child while it slept.

In another house, where a man and his wife and six boys live in the two bedrooms, there is neither oven nor drain. There are only gaping holes in the roof and shattered windows.

The stranglehold of the land prevents the building of new houses in the towns, for the price of an acre raises the rent to a figure which the workman cannot afford to pay.

In a council-built house in a Herefordshire town live a man and his wife and eight children.

Years of search

He is a farm labourer and his wages are 31s. a week. His rent is 10s. 4d. Seven years' searching in the village has not found him a house for his family.

In the villages overcrowding is rampant. It makes a slum of even habitable dwellings and creates in the children of this generation the slum mind of to-morrow.

Low wages and long hours have reduced the labourer to the level of a serf. There is nothing left for comforts and little for decency when bare necessity has been met.

It is impossible that houses can be built to let at a price which the low-paid worker can pay. Not a £6, but an £11 subsidy is needed to place them within the reach of the people whose need is greatest.

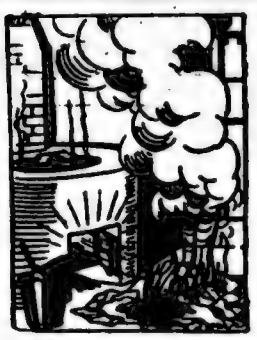
The problem has been made worse by the growing practice of city dwellers who settle in the village for week-ends in a cottage they have reconditioned and made habitable, but which should have been inhabited by a countryman and his family.

As quick transport facilities increase, this regrettable practice will increase also. The hunger of city dwellers for the country is a serious problem in itself. But perhaps its gravest aspect is the evil effects it has in crowding out the earlier residents.

The way out

It is certain that in any housing scheme which the Labour Government can devise to help the labourers the country cottage will have to receive special treatment, either by granting the tenant a rebate in rent on his family or by remitting the rates upon his cottage.

Until then the country slum will remain a hideous blot upon our countryside.



A WASH-DAY WARNING

A BLAZING fire in the copper. Clothes for the wash dumped down in front of it.

Red hot cinders shoot out, fall amongst the clothes, ignite them and start a conflagration!

Many fires in JOHN BULL homes have started through clothes being placed too near the copper fire.

Guard against this risk by taking every precaution. Practise "Safety First."

(Issued by the JOHN BULL *Insurance Department in the interests of "Safety First.")*

Thirst prize!

Scooping hot shots off the base-line is apt to give a man a tickle in the throat! A thirst for something long and cool, crowned with froth! Lager! The king of all lagers—Barclay's! Indeed, whenever you are in danger of losing your voice, the best thing you can do is to sink a Barclay's. Real, robust quenchers—Barclay's light or Barclay's dark, the drink for those who can appreciate a good brew.

BARCLAY'S LAGER

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To tempt flagging appetites in the dog-days—cucumber and Sailor Savouries Salmon Zest. Salmon-with-a-difference, the rich flavour mellowed and made zestful with a piquant suggestion of *smoked* salmon. Particularly pleasant for picnics.

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Cheddar or Cheshire
6, 8, or 12 portions
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CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Wednesday, September 11, 1929.

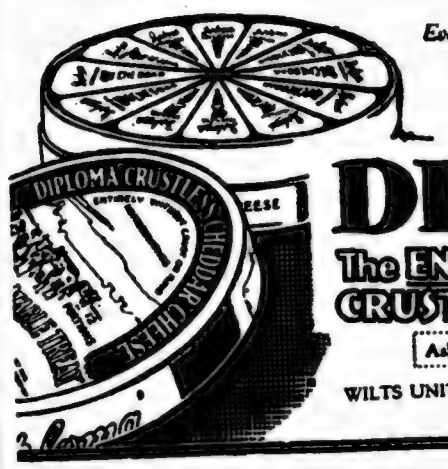
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

£50 WINNER.

A chauffeur who hailed from Mayfair
Was blessed with extremely red hair;
He'd drive every night
Without any light,
What struck me was his bonnet, not hair.

£50 WINNER.

A budding young poet of Kew,
Wrote, "My inspiration is you
Oh, Crustless Diploma!
Your taste, your aroma,
Even Editors can't refuse you!



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Have you tasted this Club Sandwich?

Take 2 slices of bread and butter. Place on one piece a slice of Armour's Veribest Corned Beef. On top of that place a leaf of crisp lettuce. Cover the whole with mayonnaise. Then place the other piece of bread and butter on top. Do not press down. Added flavour is given if chopped celery is scattered over the mayonnaise.

The meals "are excellent in quality and extremely cheap." These girls look satisfied, anyhow

A Home Nest—in MONTMARTRE

for the British Dancing Girl

IF asked to name the most remarkable feature of Parisian revues, we should unhesitatingly reply: "The English dancing girls." For while the "daring" qualities of Paris shows are a byword throughout the world, there is scarcely a music-hall in Paris that does not retain a troupe of English dancers.

Between the songs, sketches and dazzling spectacles they hold the stage; yet they are not merely used as stopgaps. Their art is unique and receives universal recognition.

Drilled until they have achieved the poise and precision of Guardsmen, they earn liberal and deafening applause at every appearance.

It is a significant fact that French managers have tried in vain to substitute French girls for English dancers, and have even established a proper school for training French girls with this one object in view.

All their efforts have proved vain. Whatever individual merits may be attributed to the French dancers, they cannot adapt themselves to team work, which involves long and painstaking training, iron discipline and rigid self-denial.

If you asked the famous French revue actress, Mistinguett, for her views on the subject, she would probably shrug her slim shoulders and say: "How can the girls of the République become as disciplined as soldiers of the Empire?"

So, notwithstanding a great newspaper campaign for sacking the "foreign" girls from the Paris music-hall, the English dancers retain their popularity.

There are hundreds of them thus earning their livelihood in Paris.

Footlights out

What happens to them when the footlights go out? Where do they live? And how do they employ their leisure hours when not rehearsing or practising?

For the answer to these questions we must seek out an unpretentious, grey stone building in the Rue Duperal, not so very far from the famous Moulin Rouge, and which constitutes the Dancing Girls' Hostel in Paris.

It was founded by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Anstruther Cardew, a person much beloved amongst the English colony, who made the initial collections and endowed his institution with the necessary funds.

A kindly matron, who speaks both French and English, presides over the establishment, and for the equivalent of 24s. a week girls can have full board, sleeping accommodation, hot baths and unstinted service.

For this fee they are even allowed full run of a model laundry, where they can wash and iron their own clothes. They are also free to use a pleasant reading-room, rehearsal room and club.

There is accommodation for about forty girls; but many others who have lodgings elsewhere make a point of coming to the hostel for their meals, which are excellent in quality and extremely cheap.

Over 120 luncheons and dinners are served daily. The charge for non-residents is approximately 11s. 6d. a week, while for 10s. any girl may invite a guest.

Unscrupulous

Although the hostel does not undertake to act as an employment agency for the girls, it assists them in their problems with sympathetic discretion.

When girls are out of work, for instance, and liable to be tempted to accept low salaries offered to them by unscrupulous cabaret keepers, the hostel officials look after their welfare.

English dancers are usually well paid in Paris, for their minimum salaries average £3 a week; but in some cases they are offered 25s. a week, or even less, by would-be employers, who make it quite clear that they will be offered other and sinister facilities for adding to their income.

In such cases the hostel officials provide advice and, what is very much more to the point, assistance of a concrete kind.

It will grant free board and lodging to the out-of-work dancer on the understanding that she repays her debt when suitable employment is eventually found.

The advantages of this generous attitude towards those who are temporarily embarrassed need no emphasis. Not the least, though, is the fact that it enables the trained dancer to stand out for her appropriate fee, and so maintains the high status of the British "girls."

And although credit is so freely extended, the hostel has seldom if ever made a bad debt.

Many of the girls have struggled all their lives; some have known days of utter poverty; others have seen many a rosy dream of stardom shattered; yet they would die rather than cheat "little Father Cardew."

Because they realise the hazards of their profession, many of the girls save against days of adversity. For the hostel serves as a "savings bank" until the time comes for them to go home. They would rather trust matters than themselves.

Cases have occurred where girls have had to leave Paris in their search for suitable engagements; yet they have kept on sending money to the hostel with unfailing regularity for the loan received.

The visitors' book of the hostel contains many famous names—Georges Carpentier, the boxer; Maurice Chevalier, the world-renowned French comedian, who is now a "talkie" star, and others. At times the founder, Mr. Cardew, pays a surprise visit to the "home," and "Le petit père," as the girls call him, is then spoiled like a good father would be on returning to his family after a long absence.

He is the general and most beloved confidant of every dancer at the hostel. They all have something to ask him, some little secret to divulge; some trouble to clear; some point on which advice is desired.

"Consult Cardew"

Mr. Cardew is never at a loss. He deals with everything with kindly sympathy; money problems, love tangles and a thousand things besides. "If in trouble, consult Cardew" might almost be the motto of those who know his benevolence.

On one occasion, tradition has it, he even acted as mediator between a troupe of girls and a famous Paris music-hall on a question of payment.

Only on one day of the year will you find the hostel's hospitable doors closed. That is when all the residents and members are invited for a day's outing in the country at the hostel's expense.

Mr. Cardew has wrought a miracle. Who would ever expect to find such a hostel in Paris, in the very heart of Montmartre; an isle of peace in the surging seas of night life and cabaret?

No hypocrisy

It is a unique institution, where homeliness exists without hypocrisy, hymn-singing, and where the human side of the little English dancers can find full expression when the grease paint has been wiped away and the glare of the footlights is left behind for a few hours.

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG?

Eminent Scientists make Greatest Beauty Discovery in 100 Years.

WOMEN OF 50 MAY NOW LOOK 30

It has now been proved that it is not age but under-nourishment of the skin that causes wrinkles, faded complexions, shrunken cheeks, and makes a woman look old. Eminent physicians and scientists say your skin can eat. Through its millions of pores it can absorb certain specially-prepared foods, and the blood in the skin capillaries can digest and transform these foods into living cells and tissues. Thus an aged, faded skin may quickly rejuvenate itself and regain its lost beauty and freshness—wrinkles disappear and shrunken cheeks and sagging facial muscles become fresh, firm and rosy. A woman of 50 may easily look 30, and obtain a skin and complexion that will be the admiration and envy of many a young girl.

Dr. Grosmand, Doctor of Medicine, late Professor of the Clinic of Dermatology, says:—"Fresh Cream and predigested Olive Oil, combined with Emulsified Egg Yolk and Vegetable Extracts, are rapidly absorbed by the skin, and contain extremely nourishing food elements necessary for the skin. To make complexion defects disappear, and to prevent an old and faded complexion and sagging facial muscles I always recommend CRÈME TOKALON, which contains the food elements mentioned above."

£1,000 Guarantee

Crème Tokalon Skin Foods are guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly-nourishing food ingredients which great specialists say your skin must have to keep it young, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles.

Crème Tokalon Skin Food (Rose colour), made in France, is enjoying a tremendous vogue in Paris. We are now able to offer this astonishing discovery to English Women. Use Crème Tokalon Skin Food (Rose Colour), before retiring. It will refresh and revive your skin almost beyond belief even in one night. Apply White Skin Food (Vanishing non-greasy) in the morning. Continue with this treatment and it is guaranteed to bring back the expression of youth to your face and to give you a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or your money will be refunded.

Crème Tokalon Skin Foods: Rose Cocoon (for Night use) 1/3, White (Vanishing non-greasy) 1/- Free Trial.—De Luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades and Crème Tokalon Skin Foods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon, Ltd., (Dept. 570,U) 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Crème Tokalon

PARISIAN SKIN FOOD

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Cuticura TALCUM

REFRESHING and cooling to the skin, it contains antiseptic properties which help to overcome excessive perspiration.

Sold everywhere. Talcum 1s. 3d. Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E. C. 1.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The "John Bull" guarantee appears on page 29.

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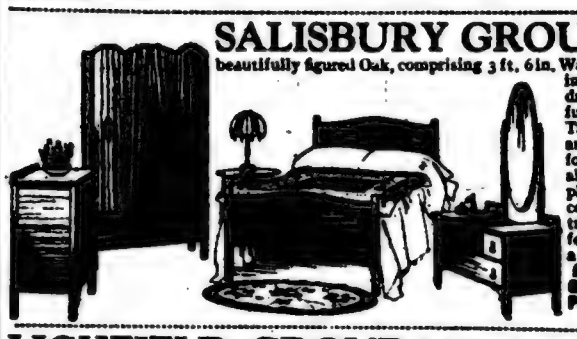
To every approved account Drages guarantee to send carriage paid any article chosen directly the one instalment is paid. The balance of the account is paid by similar monthly instalments.

Sidney Drages
Chairman, Drages, Ltd.

SALISBURY GROUP



Very charming Bedroom Group in beautifully figured Oak, comprising 3 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe with mirror fitted inside door and long linen drawer £9 : 5 : 0. Beautiful 3ft. sunk centre Dressing Table with frameless mirror and Dressing Chest with four drawers £12 : 15 : 0, also one Chair. Suite complete £22 : 10 : 0 4ft. Bedstead complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather pillows and bolster £10 : 10 : 0. GROUP COMPLETE £33 : 0 : 0 SEND 14/- ONLY

14/- Monthly After.

LICHFIELD GROUP

Oak Dining Room comprising 3 ft. 6 in. Oak finished Sideboard with 2 drawers and 2 commodious cupboards £8 : 0 : 0, 3 ft. 6 in. Gate Leg Table £3 : 7 : 6, 4 small Dining Room Chairs with drop-in Rexine seats £1 : 4 : 0 each and 1 exceptionally comfortable adjustable Arm-chair with heavy brown rep cushions £1 : 12 : 6. SEND COMPLETE £16 : 0 : 0. 8/- ONLY.

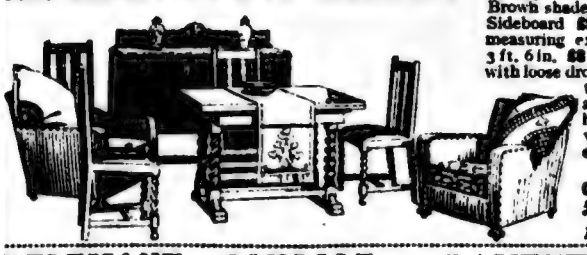
8/- Monthly after.

DORKING SUITE

Very handsome 3-pillow Suite consisting of most comfortable Settee and 2 Easy Chairs with well sprung edges and loose seat cushions filled with feather down. In variety of lovely silk damask coverings. Settee £10 : 15 : 0. Arm Chairs £6 : 15 : 0 each. SEND PRICE £24 : 3 : 0 10/- ONLY.

10/- Monthly After.

BURLINGTON GROUP



Beautiful Dining Room Group, best quality seasoned Oak in fine Nut Brown shade. Consists of 4 ft. 6 in. Sideboard £9 : 19 : 6, Dining Table measuring extended 5 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in. £8 : 2 : 6, four small Chairs with loose drop-in seats £1 : 6 : 6 each, two Easy Chairs covered antique Rexine, seats upholstered velour velvet, £5 : 5 : 0 each. SEND GROUP COMPLETE £33 : 10 : 0 14/- ONLY.

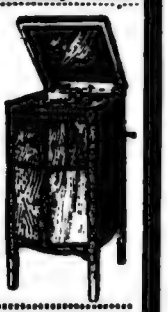
14/- Monthly After.

DELEMANT CONSOLE

Goldenphone series. Beautiful console model in quartered oak finish. Splendid motor. Granditone sound box giving perfect tone. £7 : 10 : 0. In Mahogany finish £8 : 15 : 0 or quartered Walnut, £9 : 9 : 0. SEND 8/- ONLY.

8/- Monthly After.

LAVETTE CABINET



"Goldenphone" series. Beautiful Oak finished Cabinet, Record cupboard. Powerful British-made motor. "Granditone" Sound-box. Height 2 ft. 11 ins., width 1ft. 4ins. Britain's Best Gramophone value. £4:17:6 SEND 5/- ONLY.

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Sent packed free and carriage paid. Money refunded in full if not absolutely satisfied. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue of 20 new models, and particulars of 15 Days Free Trial.

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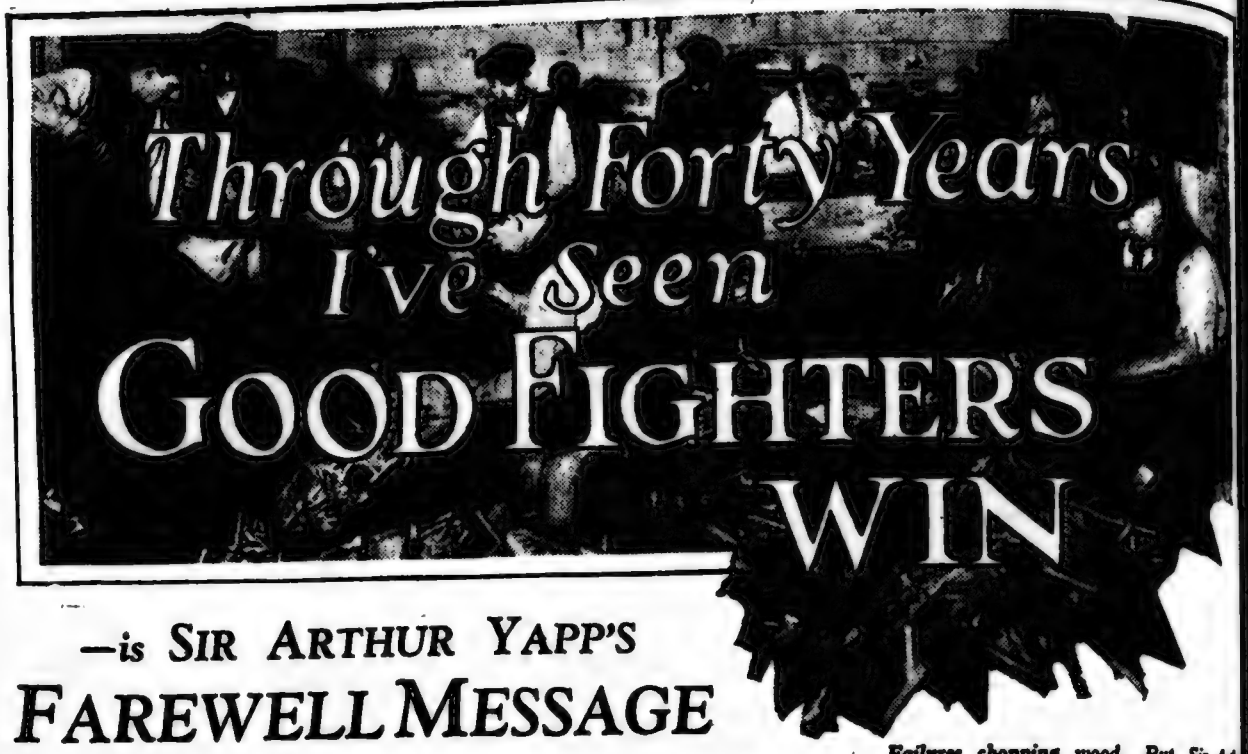


—is SIR ARTHUR YAPP'S FAREWELL MESSAGE

SIR ARTHUR YAPP has just retired from his position as National Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Thousands of men have passed through his hands—he has turned hundreds of them from failures to successes

TIE success that is most worth while is the success that follows after failure. Failure, rightly regarded, is a tonic. What is more, failure itself may often be used as a stepping-stone to better things.

Too much success may make a man top-heavy. Apparent success may be real failure. In the same way, apparent failure may be real success. The greatest success sometimes follows in the wake of failure and thwarted ambition. The road to success is often paved with failures.

It has been my privilege through nearly forty years to stand, as it were, at the parting of the ways; to watch young fellows emerge, weary, disillusioned and mud-bespattered, from the Slough of Despond, and step out on to the road that leads to success. Sometimes it has been possible to give a word of advice; occasionally, a helping hand.

Truth is indeed often stranger than fiction. Many stories from real life which I have heard must remain unrecorded; they are too confidential. But what a fascinating study it has been!

A keen observer was once discussing with me the career of a famous Scotsman and philanthropist whom we both knew.

My friend told me how he had first started business in South Africa and made a failure of it; how he then went to India, made a fresh start and scored a great success. His business was immensely interesting to him, quite apart from its money-making side, though he did make money on a large scale.

Every year he paid a definite proportion of his profits into what he called his "C. & C. Account"—Church and Charity.

Lessons learned

"Most men who have succeeded in life," my friend added, "have been failures at some previous time in their careers; they have learned their lesson. Failure either makes a man lose heart and say 'It is no good trying,' or else it makes him set his teeth and determine to retrieve his position."

Sir George Williams, the founder of the Y.M.C.A., failed at the first attempt. His father and elder brothers were yeoman farmers in the Exmoor country, and young George, according to plan, should have been the same.

For two and a half years, he followed the plough and tended the sheep and cattle; then the crisis came. He was bringing home a waggon-load of hay when he failed to notice a gate-post and a rut in the road. Waggon, horses and hay rolled over into the ditch.

That night a sort of family court-martial was held over the luckless George in the little Somerset home of the Williams family. The brothers agreed that he was no good as a farmer, but thought he might have sense enough to succeed in some other trade.

So his elder brother tramped with him over the hills to the market town of Bridgwater. There George served his apprenticeship to a local draper.

Later he came to London for further experience. The lad who had failed as a farmer ultimately became a brilliant success in business and one of London's most respected merchant princes.

Pertinacity

A friend of mind tried time and again in his young days to enter the service of a large London drapery firm, for a long time without success.

Failure only made him the more determined to achieve his purpose. He was willing to give his services for a time without remuneration. At last he got in. Later, he was sent out to Singapore, and from that moment never looked back.

As I think of some of the people I have known who through failure have made good, my mind goes back to one who is now a wealthy man in the West Country.

Given to "good work," he is a typical English gentleman of the best kind. Before I knew him, he was interested in rubber, and failure was written over his life. Later, he started a grocer's business, which became a conspicuous success.

I am sure he would not claim any outstanding gifts, except the all-important one of getting the right men round him, and then working with them as captain of a team.

Another man I knew as an enthusiastic worker in one of our North of

This Means YOU!

Have you a secret worry which poisons your happiness? Are you "up against it" and unable to solve your perplexities? Do you want some forthright, honest advice?

If so, we are waiting to help you. "Humanist" will answer your human problems with robust good sense; our Income-tax Expert will prevent your losing sleep over the most puzzling forms in the world. For every other difficulty consult the staff of our Free Advice Service. They are yours to command; and if your problem is humanly soluble they will solve it.

Failures chopping wood. But Sir Arthur believes that some of them may rise to brilliant success

England Y.M.C.A.s. In his business life was a pioneer and made experiments on novel lines.

At first, he failed. In the long run however, his courage and determination and the fact that he never knew when he was beaten had their reward. His name to-day is known far beyond the British Isles.

A third fine fellow I think of was an actor and producer. Through force of circumstances, he became a rolling stone. He travelled East, and later lived for years in North America, earning just enough to keep himself and those dependent on him. Sometimes he would score a transient success. More often failure dogged his steps.

At last, pluck, training, skill, or instinct fostered by hard work enabled him to see possibilities in a play which many others had turned down. Under his master hand, it became the success of the year. It brought him fame and wealth. Courage and vision had enabled him to seize the opportunity when it came his way.

The pageant of the road from failure to success passes before my memory.

I see one of my friends whose father was determined he should be a doctor. He stuck it as long as he could, but realised he had no flare for medicine and was, in fact, a misfit—a failure.

Against the wishes of his father, he abandoned his profession and entered a shipping office. To-day his ships are known throughout the Seven Seas.

Another friend of mine was destined to follow his father in a lucrative situation business in the Midlands. He tried but failed. His father was at length induced to send him to a University. He found his niche in life, and is recognised to-day as in the front rank of his own branch of science.

First a "duck"

Yet another friend lost himself in the maze of high finance; and was out for a "duck" in his first innings. In his second innings he made good. To-day he is a wealthy man. What more, he recognises the stewardship of money and does an immense amount of good with it.

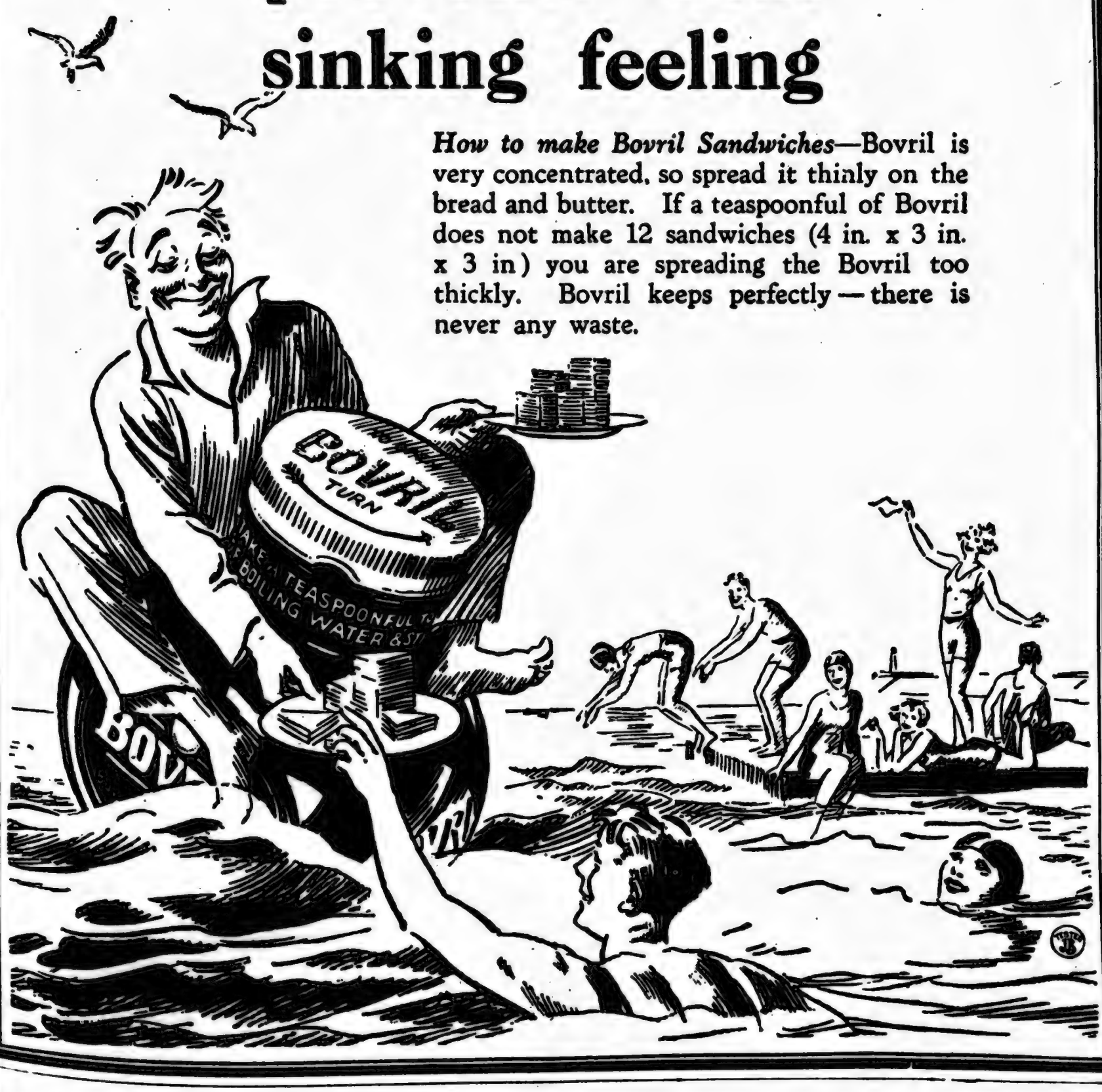
"What others have done, you can do." That is what I should like to say to every young man who reads these lines.

One other thing I would say: Whatever you do, get the right ideals of success. You may have money, and yet be of all men the most miserable. You may climb the dizzy heights of fame and popularity, and yet fail to reach success. You may gratify every ambition, and yet be compelled to regard your life as a failure.

Character and service are the true tests of success. The simple pleasures of life—love of home, wife, mother, children—are among the best things that help to make life worth living. Without such a background all success is barren.

A BOVRIL SANDWICH prevents that sinking feeling

How to make Bovril Sandwiches—Bovril is very concentrated, so spread it thinly on the bread and butter. If a teaspoonful of Bovril does not make 12 sandwiches (4 in. x 3 in. x 3 in) you are spreading the Bovril too thickly. Bovril keeps perfectly—there is never any waste.



Apology.

The Proprietors of "PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM" wish to advise readers of "John Bull" who responded to the offer of a free trial tube which appeared in their advertisement in our issue of August 17 that owing to the overwhelming response received, they have temporarily run out of supplies.

They ask for the indulgence of readers whose applications have not yet been dealt with, and would assure them that as soon as further supplies are to hand they will be immediately despatched. Every reader who responded will receive his sample tube.

VAPEX
INHALANT

The Simple Speedy Safe Cold Cure

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

M.V.6. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

INDIGESTION STOPS AT ONCE

Whatever strides science may have made in combating diseases, no better remedy has been discovered for stopping indigestion than 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which to-day is used by thousands of stomach sufferers with never-failing success. 'Bisurated' Magnesia treats indigestion in the only logical way, by instantly neutralising excess acids, preventing fermentation, and soothing, healing and strengthening the inflamed stomach lining, which soon becomes healthy and strong. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold by all chemists in either powder or tablet form at 1s. 3d. a package. It is the remedy that is recommended by doctors. It is used in hospitals and by thousands of one-time sufferers who have proved again and again that 'Bisurated' Magnesia is an unfailing reliever of all acid-caused digestive troubles.

Mentholatum
for **MIDGE** *and* **GNAT BITES**
ALL CHEMISTS 1/3

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.
ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST & PUREST

The Problem of a Policeman's SWEETHEART *and her* BLACKMAILING *Father*

I AM a policeman with a good record in the Force and hopes of bettering my condition there.

For some months I have been courting a girl who is everything a man could desire, and I shall never be happy unless I get her to marry me.

I soon discovered, however, that her father was engaged in shady dealings of some kind. He did no work, but seemed to be always flush with money.

I felt that my girl had some trouble on her mind concerning him, and my suspicions were only too well founded.

While visiting her at her home one evening, I found myself for a few minutes alone in the sitting-room, and seeing some old magazines on a shelf, I idly turned over their pages.

In one of them I came across a sheaf of letters. Something tempted me to glance at them before I shut the magazine. It is not my habit to pry, but in this case my training in the Force must have got the upper hand.

I saw that the letters were addressed to my girl's father, and I soon gathered from them that he was engaged in blackmail of the most dastardly kind.

He is apparently extracting money from several terrified women who have not got the sense or the courage to refuse his demands, but continue paying him money they can ill spare.

How much anguish or despair he is causing can be readily imagined. I was struck dumb by my discovery.

But hearing someone coming, I hurriedly closed the magazine and replaced the batch on the shelf.

Since that time I have been in a torment. My duty is clear to me; but a man must think at times of other things, and I cannot bring myself to believe that there is not some way or other by which I can act honourably and still not wreck my whole life.

What would you advise me to do? If I show up the father and am instrumental in getting jail for him, I can never hope to marry his daughter.

If I do nothing, I am failing in my duty, possibly with dire consequences to myself.

There is a third way—that is to make known my knowledge to my superiors in confidence, and trust to them not to drag me into the matter.

But how could I ever look my girl in the face again if I did that?

"HUMANIST" says: Do your duty, though your sweetheart will naturally be brokenhearted. But in time, and by sincere devotion, you may well win her back. You are in a terrible dilemma; but happiness must be sacrificed to honour.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

HIS SUPER-SNOB *of a Sister*

LIKE thousands of others, I am an ex-Service man, married, with two kiddies. Need I add also, unemployed and on the "dole."

How this irks a man of independent spirit accustomed to honest effort for a living need not be emphasised.

Thus, when my sister, who is a nurse at our local hospital, mentioned that the whole of the interior was to be repainted and done up, I saw the foreman, for I am a painter by trade. He told me to make a start next morning.

You couldn't see me for dust as I rushed home with this news, and my wife cried with joy when I told her.

Then by the evening post came a letter from my sister. She said: "When the foreman told me you had applied for work I was absolutely astonished. You must please understand that it is quite impossible for you to come here as a painter.

"Everyone would know, and I should have no standing whatever amongst the nurses and maids. I have told the foreman there are reasons why he must not engage you, so he won't."

I was cut to the heart, but I turned up next morning in working kit. But my heart sank when I saw the foreman's face. I do not know what my sister had told him, but it had been effective. He was very sorry, but he had "received definite instructions" not to take me on.

So once more I am tramping the streets in a hopeless search for work, and wondering, when I get it, will my sister's snobbishness once more prevent my taking it? What do you advise?

"HUMANIST" says: Go and see the matron of the hospital and ask under what rule a nurse is enabled to give orders as to what workmen shall or shall not be employed about the place.

If exposure of her tactics holds your sister up to scorn and ridicule, that is only what she deserves; and it may end in your getting work.

ONE-LEGGED *Bride*

DEEPLY in love with my sweetheart, whom I had known from childhood, the boy-and-girl courtship developed into what I thought a life-passion. We worked at our respective stores during the daytime, and evenings and week-ends were spent in roaming the countryside.

He was nineteen and I was seventeen. He had a motor-bike and I rode behind on the pillion.

One night I got dashed from my seat as we were threading our way through heavy traffic, and a motor lorry passed over my right leg, crushing it so badly that it had to be amputated.

When I recovered consciousness in hospital and realised what had happened, I verily thought my heart would break. My only gleam of hope and comfort was my lover.

He bought me a beautiful engagement-ring, and on the very first visit when he was allowed to talk to me he slipped it over my finger and whispered that we would be married on the very day I reached twenty-one.

Though I must henceforth walk with a crutch, I began to feel so much my old self that life again looked bright, and I even went out at week-ends once more on the pillion-seat.

In the intervals I filled my "hope chest" with every kind of fine needlework I could do for my home, for never did my boy give any hint that his promise was not to be fulfilled.

Then with all the suddenness of a lightning flash he disappeared, and I have never heard of him since.

I am now twenty-five, earning a sad and precarious living as a seamstress. I miss the companionship of my boy and the vision of the home I should have had haunts my dreams.

A man I know has offered to marry me, but I hesitate. Should I, or should I not, seek happiness and a way of escape by accepting this offer?

"HUMANIST" says: I would have to know the man before I could answer your question. If he is really fond of you, and is a steadfast fellow, and you are likely to grow fond of him, there is no reason why you should not marry.

Many men, and women too, with your disability are happily married.

Homely Wisdom by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Hidden Face

"Lady Diana Cooper calling for the laundry"

RATHER more than half a century ago a remarkable discovery was made in a room in Florence. For many years the room had been used as a depository for rubbish. Dust and grime had accumulated on the walls and lay thick over its contents.

Then some art expert came along who had reason to believe that there might be mural paintings concealed beneath the plaster of walls and ceilings.

Being allowed to put his opinion to the test, very carefully he cleared the room of all its lumber, swept out the dust, washed off the dirt, removed the plaster, and finally came upon a glorious picture of the poet Dante, by the great painter Giotto.

That room is now a place of pilgrimage, to which visitors flock in numbers to gaze upon the picture of the man of genius who once lived there.

THERE is in the soul of every man something greater than he knows or than anyone else knows. It has become a habit of mine for many years when I make a new acquaintance to ask myself what he or she might be if all the hindrances and limitations imposed by circumstances and crippling habits were removed.

You can nearly always see in any person whatsoever—the most commonplace, or foolish, or selfish, or even criminal—resemblances to a finer and nobler type.

You will see King George selling matches in the street, or the Prince of Wales waiting for a job outside the employment exchange, or Lady Diana Cooper calling for the laundry, or George Bernard Shaw or Arnold Bennett carrying a hod up a ladder or laying tiles on a roof.

Sometimes a finer type of face is to be seen in the dock than on the judge who sits on the bench and deals out penalties.

Where do the differences come in? It is not all a matter of environment, though that is important: it is mainly a matter of awakening into life the slumbering soul.

As Principal Jacks says, the past century has been mainly characterised by man's amazing success in discovering and drawing forth the latent resources of Nature, but there is a treasure hidden in man that far exceeds all we have yet learned of it.

And Mr. Bertrand Russell tells us that when science has succeeded in understanding human nature as well as it understands material facts and forces, a day of far greater happiness will dawn for the world than it has yet known.

What are you, reader, in your inmost soul? Try to find out; don't wait for science to tell you.

There is far more in you than you have ever dreamed, not merely of talent, but of goodness, nobleness and strength of will.

Uncover those grimy walls of unworthy habit and sordid aim, and let the real man appear.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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RENOLD Half-inch Pitch CHAIN.	VALANCED MUDGUARDS.

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Send at once for Illustrated List.
SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON.

£500 Awarded in "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 25

The only correct solution in Crossword Competition No. 25 was received from :—

Mr. W. Hopper, 20, Castle Street, Canterbury.

To whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be despatched.

An additional £50.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 16 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £3 2s. 6d.

W. G. Born, 22, Glencairn Road, Streatham, S.W.16.
G. F. Bradley, 27, Victoria Grove West, Stoke Newington, N.
C. Bridgwater, 25, Blair Street, Shettleston, Glasgow.
Miss L. A. Burdon, 77, St. Peter's Road, Edmonton, N.9.
Mrs. M. Cheffins, 167, Walton Road, Woking.
E. Corps, 6, Vernon Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
J. W. Crawford, 7, Waddington Street, Bishop Auckland.
F. W. Daniell, 5, Mulgrave Road, Fulham, S.W.6.
N. Hankinson, 10, Leicester Avenue, Horwich, Lancs.
L. S. D. Lane, 175, Thorold Road, Ilford.
N. P. Maggi, 223, Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead.
W. Mackenzie, 4, South Road, Wolverham, Ellesmere Port.
J. B. Parks, Framingham Pigot, Norwich.
Mrs. A. Revell, Forge House, East Street, Faversham.
S. Smith, 3, Baldwin Terrace, Islington, N.1.
R. Thomas, 5, Lammas Street, Carmarthen.

Another £500 X Word appears on page 32
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CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

Feed them on Armour's

Open the tin. Turn the beef on to a plate, and there you are. A delicious meal at a moment's notice. Just the thing with a nice salad. Tasty beef, from the choicest pasture-raised cattle. Remember *Armours*. Armours Veribest Corned Beef. Get it from your grocer.

Say-Armour's Veribest CORNED BEEF

This is the factory clean and sweet,
Where the oxen are turned to tasty meat.
Where works the girl who set her cap,
And married the chap,
Who catches the ox,
That makes the beef that Armours sell.

Also Armours Veribest ox-tongues—for fifty years the standard of quality.

KIDDIES—WATCH THIS STORY GROW

DUGGIE NEVER OWES

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CES. AND
CAMBS.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED

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BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

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Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security

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Write To-day Don't Delay.

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20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"... Safe as the Bank" JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

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DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

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6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues.
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KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 3.

When I "Saw Red."

I wish I hadn't Posted THAT LETTER

SHORTLY before the war, I was in Townsville, on the North Queensland coast. While there I received a letter from a friend in Mackay, saying that he was coming north in the s.s. *Bombala* and wished to see me urgently.

I wrote in reply that I could not wait for the *Bombala*, but if he caught the *Yongala*, sailing two days earlier, I would be able to meet him.

He did so, but the *Yongala* never reached Townsville. After leaving Mackay she was never heard of again.

An unsolved mystery of the sea—and my letter had caused my friend to be among the victims!

My only consolation is the belief that I was unwittingly used by Fate in fulfilling the destiny she had planned for him.—*Coochie.*

Malicious

Ten years ago I wrote a strongly worded letter to a Russian, threatening him with the direst penalties for having been rude to my mother.

Circumstances recently compelled me to have a small business transaction with the same individual, and on handing him a £5 note to pay his account for £1, he said that he had no change, and requested me to call for this in the evening.

When I called, he said, with well-feigned surprise, "What change? I gave it to you this morning."

In court, his solicitor suggested that the prosecution was "malicious." I denied this on oath. Then the completely forgotten ten-year-old letter was produced, and I was quite discredited.—*E. C., London, W.*

Lost Legacy

Twenty years in service with a master whom I had learned to love, I was naturally jealous when a younger man was ordered to do my work.

I sat down one night to write a terrible letter to the boss, which was only posted after several postponements.

My discharge, which I practically invited, came through a week later, and a fortnight after my dear old master died.

My cup of sorrow was all the more intensified when I learned that he had awarded me a pension of £3 a week, the only condition being that I was still in his service.—*R., Blackpool.*

No Shirker

I wrote to my "boss" when being "demobbed" in 1918 asking him if I should get back my job on coming home.

For a fortnight I waited for a reply, but none being forthcoming, I wrote another letter, which often I have wished I had never posted.

In it I accused my former employer of sheltering snug and secure at home while I did my bit for him and his like "out there."

Then I got a letter from his widow which told how my former employer had been killed in the street, two years before, as he was leading some women and children to safety in an air raid.—*W. M., Leeds.*

Twice Wounded

My husband was fighting in France, and I had not had a letter from him for three weeks.

Being worried and "fed up," I wrote a very unkind letter to him, accusing him of forgetting his duty to me.

Imagine how I wished I hadn't posted that letter when two days later I was informed that he was wounded and he had received my letter in hospital.—*R. R., New Cross.*

Husband's Vengeance

Many years ago I wrote anonymously to a man whom I highly respected, informing him of his wife's clandestine intrigue with another man.

He set a trap for them, and caught them in a compromising position.

He shot at them, wounding both seriously, and then gave himself up at the police-station. He got seven years' penal servitude.

The quondam lover was crippled for life, and the erring wife drifted on to the streets.—*Regret, Cambuslang.*

Banking on It

Make my letter three postcards. Each was expensive. But thrice bitten, for ever shy.

The first card was to the Charing Cross Bank for a prospectus, and the reply was so satisfactory that I began to save. But the bank failed, and I got 1s. for each £1 deposited.

My second card went to the Birkbeck Bank for one of their pocket diaries. Here, again, there were terms to attract the thrifty. This failed, too, and eventually I received 18s. for every £1 deposited.

The third card brought an audited balance-sheet of Farrow's Bank, so obviously genuine; in fact, my dividends from the Birkbeck winding-up went there to open an account. But, alas! I eventually received 5s. for each £1.

My present savings account did not call for a letter. The P.M.G. keeps it.—*S. A., London.*

Murder by Post

When he was carried into my ward, I knew at once there was but little hope of recovery.

At the patient's request, I wrote to his aged mother telling her the sad news.

Though he lay between life and death for many weeks, he at last made a miraculous recovery; but the shock my letter had given the mother had killed her.—*Ex-Nurse, Devon.*

The Last Straw

Even a grocer has tender feelings. A woman having owed me a bill for a long time, I sent her a sharp letter.

It may not have made any difference, but she drowned herself and four children that afternoon, and my heart has sickened at the thought that I may have added the last straw to an already too heavy burden.—*Grocer, Bristol.*

Costly Cowardice

Many years ago, when genuinely down and out, I decamped from my lodgings in Newcastle, leaving only a few home-made tools and some rough drawings in lieu of cash.

Five years later, when settled in Scotland, I received a letter from English solicitors enquiring if I happened to be the erstwhile lodger.

Scenting trouble, I replied in the negative; but months later I had cause to repent sending that reply.

My deceased landlord, I learned, had profited by an idea in one of my sketches, and had bequeathed me £100. As I couldn't be traced, other legatees benefited.—*Penitent, Angus.*

Vindictive

"Wanted, exp. mechanic. Good opening for right man.—Apply, X. Y. Z., —News."

Although in a good job, when I saw the above advertisement—being always ready, as now, for a better—I wrote a letter of application.

A few days later I was called into the office.

"Aren't you satisfied with your present job?" asked the boss, sternly.

"Er—yes!" I stammered—in surprise.

"Then why this letter?" he asked, holding up the one I had posted.

I didn't get a better job, but I lost a good one.—*C. A., Hulme.*

* * *

Letters in Little

I posted a letter to my brother describing my girl. He met her, and in a short time married her and took her to California.—*L., Birmingham.*

I had already backed a horse when I got a circular giving a "sure winner." So I wrote to change my bet. My first fancy won at 20 to 1.—*M. W., Doncaster.*

I wrote him a farewell letter enumerating his faults, particularly his meanness and absent-mindedness. I am not sorry to be quit of "Jock," but how I regret having forgotten to stamp my letter.—*H. S., Kincardine.*

I steeled my heart and returned an emphatic "No" to his SOS for a remittance. I waited for a week, a month, a year. Twenty years have gone, and I am still waiting news of him. That letter cost a devoted mother her only son.—*Mater, Suffolk.*

When writing to accept an invitation from a rich uncle who had promised to give me an annuity, I wrote also to a friend saying what a bore it was to have to go. The letters got mixed. Uncle died a few weeks ago, leaving his all to charity.—*Careless, Romford.*

The very day he received my letter full of anger and ill-wishes his wife was killed in a street accident.—*Tally.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Two for the "LEGER"

A NUMBER of my faithful followers have asked for the best bet for the last of the season's classics, the St. Leger.

If the cracks continue to become crocks, it is quite likely that we shall have another "turn up," such as Nighthawk, Polemarch, or Royal Lancer; but I suggest taking sides, each-way, with two of the unlucky horses in the Derby—Tom Peartree and Posterity.

"Tom" was badly hampered when Kopi decided to turn turtle, and Posterity dwelt at the start. Barring similar calamities at Doncaster, I feel sure both will give backers a good run.

I was advised to back Tom Peartree for the "Leger" actually before the Derby was run, but, as so much can happen in three months, I said "No." The price of Mr. "Manna" Morriss' colt had gradually come down from 50 to 1 to 14 to 1.

We owe the St. Leger, which is the father of the classic races, to Colonel St. Leger, a resident of Doncaster.

The race teems with interesting stories. Octavian, which captured the spoils for the Duke of Leeds in the good old days, cost him a "tenner."

Apology won for a clergyman named King, who owned horses under the nom-de-racecourse of "Mr. Launde." Following the colt's victory, the reverend gentleman was rated by his bishop for indulging in the sport of kings.

And a few years back Caligula scored a great triumph for the Indian owner, Mr. Goculdas. The colt was purchased shortly before the race by Mr. Goculdas, but the owner was unable to witness the victory. His religion bars him from leaving India.

The code selections scored again last week. Coster Boy and Welsh Dame brought off a double at 11 to 1.

Take sides—and include Posterity

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 29, to Wednesday, September 4, and will then be revised.

Q	R	H	L	I	A	3	O	E	F	W	V	P	X	C
N	Z	7	U	S	9	2	K	M	J	D	G	Y	B	5

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. DMUI7W9EM would read WELSH DAME.

"SILVER RING"

THIS WEEK'S FREE OFFERS.

The attention of readers is drawn to the following offers made by advertisers in this issue :—

Free samples of "SHAVEX," a "SHAVEX" SUPER BLADE, and "ZEEKOL" OINTMENT and PILLS—on the Back Cover. Send coupons with necessary amount to cover postage.

The Proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer £200 Cash Prizes (First Prize £50) for the best line to the Limerick in the advt. on p. 23. Read conditions carefully. Note closing date, September 11th, 1929.

A free de-luxe sample outfit of POUDRE TOKALON and CREME TOKALON—on p. 25.

A choice of several free catalogues by DRAGE'S—on p. 25.

A free sample of DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES appears on p. 22.

A free illustrated CYCLE LIST "W" by WHITELEY'S—on p. 24.

JAY'S free Furnishing Catalogue—on p. 2.

Free trial supply of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES—on p. 34.

Free PATTERNS of CATESBYS CORK LINO—on p. 25.

ALLAN COOPER'S offer—adjoining.

Mention "John Bull" when replying.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM HAEMORRHOIDS?

OUR FREE OFFER

If you are suffering the tortures of Piles, send at once for the Magic Pile Cure, which for a limited period is being offered FREE OF CHARGE. The curative healing action of this remedy on the inflamed and swollen parts is felt with the first soothing application. There is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. We invite you to try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day to Magic Laboratories, M.N.17, New Court, Parringdon St., London, E.C., and a complete trial outfit will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

RHEUMATISM

RELIEVED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

"Every pain that has been a torture to me has entirely disappeared," writes Mr. C. Downs.

Dear Sirs,—I have suffered very badly from Rheumatism for some considerable time, and I am really thankful to say, since I started with "Urace Tablets," every pain that has been a torture to me has disappeared entirely, and I am glad to say I am a new man now. I shall take care in the future to always have a box by me. Nobody should suffer with rheumatism while these wonderful Tablets are within the reach of all.—Yours truly,

C. DOWNS.

Mylne Street, London, E.C.1.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred complaints lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD. URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities, and makes relief certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed.

URACE TABLETS

for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Influenza, Backache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Troubles, Sciatica, etc., etc.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White and Co., Taylor's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

NOW YOU *CAN* CONQUER YOUR CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES

I WILL TELL YOU HOW—FREE!

CATARRH is CURABLE! I know it! I've PROVED IT! And I'll prove it to YOU, free of cost, NOW! Never mind what you've tried, or how many times you've been disappointed. I KNOW you've not yet used the RIGHT method, and I want you to use it NOW—WITHOUT RISKING ONE PENNY.

It's a new way—entirely DIFFERENT AND SUCCESSFUL. Approaches Catarrh from the CORRECT ANGLE—removes the CAUSE. Under its influence hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose blowing, heartburn, headnoises, nausea, dizziness, and catarrhal headaches quickly and PERMANENTLY disappear. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your catarrh suffering OVERNIGHT!

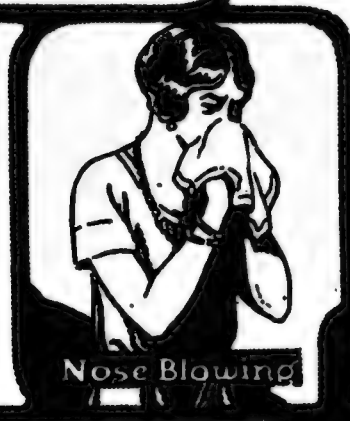
Catarrh is Dangerous!

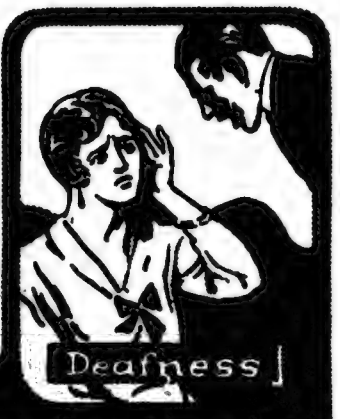
CATARRH is DANGEROUS as well as UNPLEASANT It induces physical and mental dullness—undermines your health, and weakens your will. Neglected, it leads to serious throat diseases, deafness, gastritis, asthma, bronchitis, and CONSUMPTION. Don't waste any more time or money on WORTHLESS INHALANTS, but ask me to tell you how you can get rid of your catarrh and head noises, not merely for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but permanently. Send no money—just tear out this announcement, write your name and full address on its margin, and post to-day.

No charge for the valuable information, and no obligation to act on it.

Allan Cooper

109, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.





Have You Catarrh?

Does your nose feel stuffed up?
Does mucus drop into your throat?
Have you noises in the head?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you catch cold easily?
Is your breath offensive?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Is your throat sore?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Is your memory poor?
Do you get tired quickly?

DONT SEND ONE PENNY

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply J. RENSHAW & SONS, LTD.,
Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

Put Your Heads Together
and win

JOHN BULL'S £500 X-WORD

Extra £50 for runners up!

Closing Date THURSDAY (noon), SEPT. 5th. Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 25 appears on page 29.

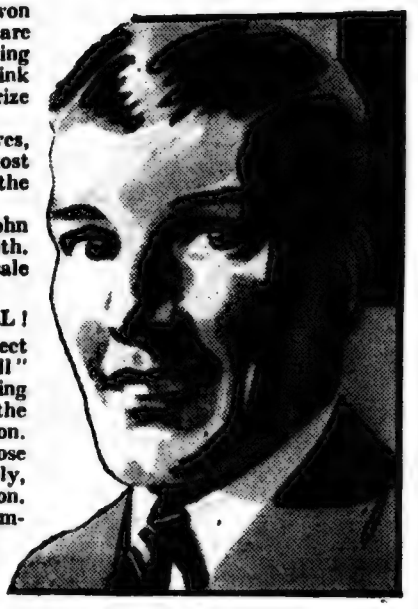
"JOHN BULL" offers another £500 Must-be-won Crossword prize this week. Again you are brought face to face with an opportunity of winning £500 for simple Crossword Skill. Just think of what you could do if this wonderful prize came your way.

Now is the time for husbands and wives, sweethearts and friends to enter the most fascinating of all contests by filling in the squares below.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 12th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 19th.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 28, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), September 5th.



Clues Across.

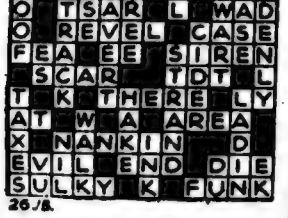
1. Cock-fowl.
4. To shoot.
6. A tree.
7. Animal.
8. Beset with armed forces.
9. Monkey.
10. Mark of a blow.
11. Lustful.
15. Vermin.
17. A small horse.
20. An age.
21. Congealed water.
22. Female relatives.
23. An old convict.
24. Woollen cloth.
27. Flowering shrub.
28. A vessel.
29. To submit.
30. Low.

Clues Down.

1. To rub with a coarse file.
2. Troublesome woman.
3. Gum-like substance obtained from the pine.
4. Most beautiful.
5. Definite article.
9. Old sea dogs.
12. Throw out.
13. A title.
14. That which everyone seeks.
16. Coloured chalks.
17. A clinking sound.
18. To smuggle.
19. Duration.
25. Armed conflict.
26. To confer a name.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 26



26/8.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 26 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 28

Entry Form "A"

28. J. B.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"

28. J. B.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), Sept. 5th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully:

1. Fill in puzzle in the next column IN INK, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope be ring a 1½d. stamp and post to—
"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 28), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, Sept. 5th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed —/& Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, September 19th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 24th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.
Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employers of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

EATING HIS OWN BOOTS

WHEN Mr. Frank Henry was discharged from the Army, he was offered and accepted a gratuity of £40 for having had his right foot dislocated at Ypres. Though the foot is not normal, that doesn't worry him, as it has not prevented him from getting work.

What does worry him and keep him awake at nights is that, owing to having dislocated his right wrist and thumb whilst at work, since last January he has only received compensation pay of 28s. a week.

He "finds himself between two stools"

This has now come to an end, and Mr. Henry finds himself between two stools in the shape of his employer's doctor, who states that he is fit for work, and his own doctor, who says that he is not. Consequently, he has lost a job. His hand also causes him a great deal of pain.

The bodily discomfort, however, is nothing compared with the mental pain and misery of seeing his wife ailing—she is so weak that she cannot feed her three-months-old infant—and his little ones, aged five years and two years, in need of food and clothing.

He sold his boots for 7s. for food for the baby, and his wife sold her skirt and shoes, because there was no bread or milk in the house. Their weekly rent of 12s. is also a stumbling-block.

In desperation, Mr. Henry walked to London from Brighton—no easy journey for a man with an unsound foot and a practically useless hand—to see if anything could be done in his case.

If our kindly readers who, we hope, are enjoying a good holiday, or have returned from one feeling invigorated, will make a thankoffering in the shape of a subscription to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund, we can help Mr. Henry out of some of his trouble.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Lily Doris Mann, 1s.; Tail-Wagger No. 72581, 2s.; Vile Temper, 3s.; Mrs. Bradford, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. Miles (Whetstone), £1; Mrs. C. Kirsch, 1s. 6d.; A. E. P., 1s.; Ucalite, 1s.; Anon, 6d.; M. E. Moorhead, 6d.; F. Carter Jackson, 6d.; H. B. Hart, 6d.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 1s.; Anon, 2s.; A Reader, 1s.; E. Jones (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Halpha, 6s.; Dorothy B. Weatherhead, £1; A. Heare, 1s. 3d.; Margaret A. Walker, 5s.; A. Mother of Three (Shelton), 1s.; E. J. O. Strachan, 1s.; G. Whitbread, 1s.; On the 9th, 2d.; ?, 1s.; Mrs. Sharman, 2s. 6d.; For Nan, 2s. 6d.; C. Saunders (Liverpool), 1s.; Well Wisher (Shepherds Bush), 6d.; T. D. (Colne), 1s.; ? X, 10s.; A. Barlow (Longsight), 2s. 6d.; L. M. C., 6d.; E. Hunter (Dipton), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Sandwich (Ninth for luck), 2s. 9d.; W. T. N., £1; Aberkenfig, 5s.; Jerry (aged 6), 2s. 6d.; R. S. W. (Dover), 2s.; A. H. Fuller (Sevenoaks), 2s. 6d.; H. C. (Liverpool), 10s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Daevloken (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; One Who Feels for her Domestic Servant, 17s. 6d.; A Friend (Walmer), 2s. 6d.; J. Dees, 1s.; F. B. (Kensington), £1; Grateful Heart (Rugby), 1s.; A. L. G. (Edinburgh), 1s.; F. H. (Cheadle), 1s.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Boars, 4s. 6d.; J. W. Osborne (Idle), 1s.; Mrs. H. (Chadwell Heath), 1s. 6d.; A Child of Mary (Glasgow), 1s.; N. T., 1s.; L. V., 1s.; A. H. Harris (Carshalton), £1; Anon., 6s.; S. A. N. (H.H.H.), 1s.; Barry, 6d.; P. E. Holmes (Westleton), 10s.; I. B. Halls (Wymondham), 2s.; E. Tucker, 6d.; Miss J. Trotter (Hendon), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Brechin), 2s. 6d.; Workman, 2s.; Wilful, £1; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Double Chance, 3s.; Micky, 6d.; Easington-on-Sea (Durham), 6d.; 5s.; Bowers (Scunthorpe), 2s. 6d.; C. J. S., 5s.; "?" 3s. 4½d.; Once Hungry, 5s.; Southern Electric, 5s.; Anon., 1s.; Crossword (Hull), 2s.; M. J. P. (Hastings), 2s. 6d.; Competitor 199 S.L.L., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 1s. 4½d.; Billie, 4½d.; Proverbs 19.17, 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Oswestry, Mrs. J. Green (Huddersfield), Mrs. Bushby (51st North London Scout Wolf Cubs), Elizabeth Vivian, Mrs. Claude Eastley (Dorset), Mrs. Watson (Singlewell).

Further acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

M. B. (Montgomery).—"Although ill, I still eat like a horse." See a vet.

P. T. (Esher).—"To live in the country one must have a soul." Or a car.

T. V. (Wellingboro').—"Snake skins make the best shoes." But banana skins make the best slippers.

G. M. P. (Ince).—"I have a very big garden. What shall I put in it?" About four hours' work every evening.

J. R. (Stamford).—"My maid never answers me back." Perhaps she used to be a telephone operator.

P. M. (London, N.).—"I want a car badly, but I can't afford it." What an unusual reason for not having a car.

T. R. (Barnet).—"All men have big ideas of their value." But a woman can always make them feel cheap.

H. P. (Plymouth).—"The older I grow, the more I dread the heat." Dear, dear —what sort of a life have you led?

R. G. (Penge).—"My little dog goes for the daily paper every morning." You can't blame him—don't you ever feel like that?

G. P. (Swaffham).—"A neighbour has invited me to go and see a new well in his garden." And are you going to drop in?

N. P. (Leeds).—"The man who hides behind his wife's skirt is just a little rabbit." Well, he'd be seen if he were any bigger.

G. M. (Hampstead).—"War is not a picnic." But a picnic is very often like war when wasps launch attacks on the strawberry jam.

P. T. (Fakenham).—"Deaf people will be at a great disadvantage if no more silent films are shown." We don't see why.

T. H. (Rochdale).—"I intend to call on you to see if there is an opening for me in your office." There is. Close it behind you as you go.

G. E. (Farnham).—"Thanks to the heat wave, most laundries have been working overtime." They always seem to be in a tearing hurry.

A. G. N. (Bridgwater).—"My husband is a night-watchman and sleeps all day." Well, what do you want us to do —congratulate or sympathise with you?

S. Q. (Retford).—"A woman's clothes are her sentiments expressed in fabric." And there's precious little sentiment nowadays.

M. A. (Bourne).—"Love makes a young man think he has tasted heaven." When he has merely had a mouthful of lipstick and powder.

A. W. (Croydon).—"The number of air-travellers goes up weekly." And a number of air-travellers come down quickly.

W. K. (Birkenhead).—"Football is popular in Spain, but I doubt if it will ever oust bull-fighting." It's a toss-up either way.

A. B. (Enfield).—"The estate agent told me that the property was a bargain, and I said I'd call back with the money the next day." Well, one good lie deserves another.

P. B. (Templeton).—"She looked into my face and smiled." That was brave of her.

E. L. (Norwich).—"The thunderstorms so frightened my wife that she couldn't speak." Isn't Nature wonderful?

P. N. (Shepperton).—"I enclose some poetry written in the latest modern style." It wasn't enclosed, thanks.

F. B. (Esher).—"The waiter came when he saw me lift up my finger." Did you say "Tweet, tweet"?

E. B. (Brighton).—"She is wonderfully pretty, but makes very acid remarks." A peach with a lemon flavour.

C. T. (Repton).—"I suffer from insomnia." We are returning your articles. They are a regular cure.

J. B. (Molton).—"Are you asked many foolish questions?" One more doesn't make any difference.

E. B. (Highgate).—"He married her for her looks." And we expect he gets them when he comes home late.

S. B. (Hull).—"Exercise will strengthen any part of the body." Of course. A woman's tongue is a good example.

C. P. (Sydenham).—"Every girl should know how to look after silk stockings." Every man does.

G. E. (Sevenoaks).—"My parrot imitates the telephone bell." We trust it doesn't repeat any of the language.

H. F. (Bangor).—"My husband weighs 20 stone." Hire him out for sitting on holiday trunks that won't shut down.

H. E. (Hoxton).—"Will this letter be held over?" Yes—over the wastepaper basket and dropped in.

J. F. (Chester).—"Girls should take long walks for their complexions." The only way to make them do this would be to place the beauty shops farther apart.

THE EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

J. T. (Knightsbridge).—"A woman can't get enough clothes." Evidently.

J. F. (Elmore).—"The novel I have just finished has no hero." You may yet find a publisher.

C. M. (Southport).—"My maid won't rise in the morning. What am I to do?" Change your milkman.

ETHEL M. (Brighton).—"I don't appreciate the Daylight Saving Act." Ah! you miss that hour in the moonlight.

H. L. (Wimbledon).—"While playing tennis a ball smashed my false teeth." Did you lose the set?

S. G. (Margate).—"What is a woman's forte?" Appearing thirty when she is really fifty.

P. N. (London, N.).—"What do you think of my play in blank verse?" We think it's blank awful.

C. F. (Chelmsford).—"My favourite aunt has celebrated her centenary." She's giving you a long run for her money.

MRS. K. (Whitehaven).—"My wife is always pleading for a canary." Give her the bird.

W. A. (Rhyl).—"What is the difference between law and custom?" It takes a lot of nerve to violate a custom.

J. L. (Plaistow).—"My wife was driving the car and had an accident, but only scraped a little paint off." Do you mean off the car?

R. B. (Dorking).—"Marriage is full of surprises." We have even heard of a husband who told his wife that he might be late and yet he wasn't.

A. N. (Exmouth).—"She's the sort of girl that people look up to." We expect she'd sooner be the sort of girl that people look round at.

P. B. (Devonport).—"My husband yawns when I talk to him." Perhaps he is not yawning, but just trying to say something.

R. F. (Troon).—"I am engaged to a certain young lady in this town." We expect she was certain about it before you were.

J. M. B. (Galashiels).—"Gravity can hold down anything." But not a woman when she has something to get off her chest.

A. McK. (Aberdeen).—"Many people hate to recall what has passed." Especially if they have succeeded in passing a bad sixpence.

H. G. (Portsmouth).—"How much cash does the Schneider winner get?" Not as much as the *Bullets* winner gets this week. Are you flying for the £500 Cup?

E. A. (Hockley).—"The mud-baths of Baden-Baden, I am told, will restore my health." Patronise home industries. Stand on the kerb and let the 'buses provide them.

T. G. (Glasgow).—"What makes a funny story?" A good listener.

STUDENT (Harrow).—"What profession do you think I am suitable for?" Judging by your writing, you ought to make a first-rate doctor.

S. T. (Luton).—The greatest problem of to-day is not so much production as distribution." We are getting thin on top, too!

T. G. (Braintree).—"Botanists say 99 per cent. of a cabbage is water." We must tell the Metropolitan Water Board about this.

S. R. (Lowestoft).—"My late husband stood about six feet in his socks." You shouldn't have let him stand about in his socks.

C. T. (Wandsworth).—"We have a lot of members in our debating society." Some debating societies have only two members—Mr. and Mrs.

L. V. (Peckham).—"I hope you found my handbook on physical training inspiring." We did. It soon inspired us to skip whole chapters.

F. D. (Diss).—"I haven't spoken to my wife for seven years." Don't let that worry you—your turn will come again one day.

H. N. (Cardiff).—"A new society has been formed in New York to aid wealthy persons in distributing their money." In London we call that a night-club.

G. D. (Yarmouth).—"A scientist has declared that man's beginning was an accident." Yes, and his finish is beginning to be that also.

T. O. C. (Brixham).—"African girls are clamouring for European clothes." Has all our uplift work in the Dark Continent gone for naught?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

WHY *are dog lovers so thoughtless?*

UNLIKE horses and most other animals, the dog has a non-porous skin, and consequently has no natural protection from the heat. He cannot perspire in order to remove blood impurities or keep bodily heat down to normal.

In summer the dog who is left to look after himself as best he can suffers a great deal from overheated blood, which quickly develops impurities. This is the cause of flabbiness, excessive scratching, loss of appetite, eczema, and shedding coat irregularly.

To keep your dog in good condition and free from these ailments you must give him a blood corrective. For 37 years experienced Breeders have given their dogs Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which purify and refresh the blood and tone up the whole system. These Powders cure and prevent all ailments which are due to poor blood condition, and keep the dog in fine, robust health. For your dog's sake, always have a packet handy.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

Since 1892 the best-known Doggie Remedy.

6d.

per packet of 6 powders, from good Dog Biscuit shops and Chemists.

Bob Martin, Ltd.
Union Street,
Southport.

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

DAILY MIRROR: — "The colonel sat in his tent, with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, BUSILY WRITING HIS DISPATCHES."

FLEETWOOD CHRONICLE:—"If it would satisfy the police there could be a condition attached to the bail ordering Potter to report himself to the police every other day TWICE A WEEK."

BLACK MASK MAGAZINE:—"Her waist was torn at the THROAT."

HARWICH AND DOVERCOURT NEWSMAN:—"Happily the conditions remained FINE until the end, and the polo match was played in a DOWNPOUR."

LOWESTOFT JOURNAL:—"The winning HIT WAS A BYE ten minutes before drawing of stumps."

CARDIGAN AND TIVY-SIDE ADVERTISER:—"In the absence of the LATE Rev. D. Peregrine, who IS TAKING A HOLIDAY."

SMART NOVELS:—"Crossing the room, Val took HIS HEAD in HER ARMS."

CHICK (by Edgar Wallace):—"At the sight of Chick the child's HEAD PARTED in a smile."

SOUTH LONDON PRESS:—"As they have to get to work between 5.45 a.m. and 6 a.m., they have not much time to dress and have breakfast, and often go WITHOUT BOTH."

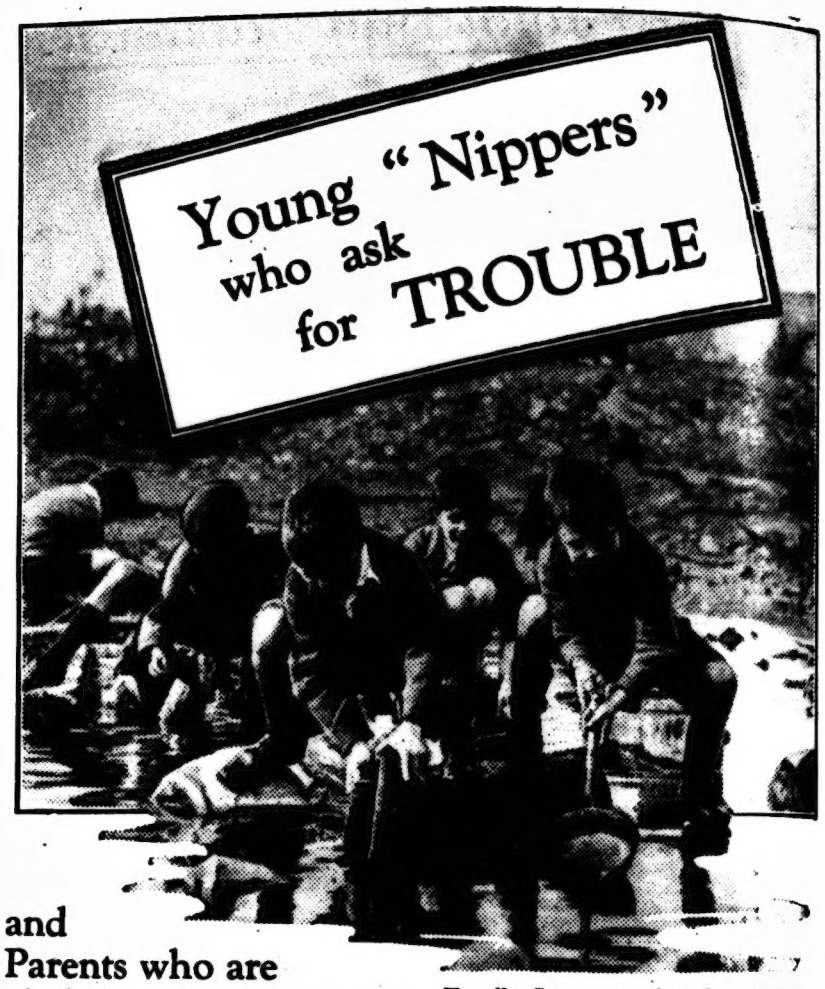
DONCASTER CHRONICLE:—"A donkey and cart drawing load after load of happy kiddies and MOTOR-CARS."

THE CORNISHMAN:—"There was good sport in a good cause on Monday evening, when swimming and diving events with a DANCE later on were held in the POOL."

"I've never smoked a smoother cigarette."

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped.



and Parents who are glad that they registered

TRUST a boy to go looking for sticklebacks amongst rusty tin cans and jagged pieces of iron! They will tell you "the sport is fine," but scorn the risk of damaged and fractured limbs. Every week parents apply to "John Bull" for cheques under its Great Free Family Insurance just because boys will be boys, and girls will follow their brothers' lead.

The next time you catch your youngster sliding down the bannisters, climbing trees or posing as a "champion Rugger man," you will know it is high time to register for our Great Gift, which pays £3 for children's accidents.

"JOHN BULL" CHEQUES for CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS.

Owing to lack of space we give the names of a few only who have received cheques of £3 on account of Children's Accidents.

ABERAMAN.—Mr. J. Thomas, 25, Margaret Street.
ABERTILLERY.—Mr. D. W. Price, 2, Ash Tree Terrace.
ALLANTON, LANARKS.—Mr. R. Dick, 20, Kingshill Road.
BELPER.—Mr. E. Mason, 11, Green Lane.
BLAYDON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. A. Allen, 11, George Street.
BONARBRIDGE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—Mr. J. MacDonald, Culrara.
CHADDERTON.—Mr. F. Schofield, 12, Victoria Street.
CHATHAM.—Mrs. E. Cooper, 31, Medway Street.
DAGENHAM.—Mr. A. Charlton, 74, Cartwright Road.
DEVIZES, WILTS.—Mr. J. J. Ellis, Wedhampton.
E. KIRKBY, NOTTS.—Mrs. C. Limb, 28, New Marlborough Road.
FARNHAM, SURREY.—Mrs. E. D. Curtis, 26, Stoke Hills, East Street.
FENTON, STOCKTON-ON-TYNE.—Mr. A. B. Bryan, 7, Havelock Street.
GOVANHILL, GLASGOW.—Mr. J. Lyall, 59, Preston Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. Snaden, 100, Grove Street, George's Cross.
SWANSEA.—Mr. G. Hughes, Ardwyn, Grovesend.
HOWEBRIDGE, ATHERTON.—Mr. J. Yates, 14, Rivington Street.
KIDLINGTON, OXFORD.—Mrs. E. Lake, The Bungalows, Gosford Hill.
LANCHESTER.—Mr. J. G. Saville, 2, Church View.
LONDON.—Mr. H. E. Tierjon, 21, Mayfield Road, Plaistow, E.13.
LONDON, S.E.1.—Mrs. Fitzgeorge, 66, Eltholm Street.
LONDON, S.W.11.—Mr. R. A. Colvin, 63, Latchmere Road.
LONDON, S.E. 18.—Mr. A. P. Welch, 13, White Hart Road, Plumstead.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. Bevan, 40, Brewery Street, Harpurhey.
MARKET HARBOROUGH.—Mr. A. E. Hopwell, West View, Oxendon.
MILLBROOK.—Mr. S. J. Hatch, 5, Victory Square.
NEWCASTLE.—Mr. D. Buckley, 40, Hawick Cres., Byker.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. F. T. Baulch, 36, Lambert Street.
NEWQUAY, CARDS.—Mrs. E. Evans 9, Lewis Terrace.
PETERBOROUGH.—Mr. J. Rust, Post Office, Alwalton.
PONTNEWYDD.—Mr. E. Jarrett, Nirvana, Brookland Terrace.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. Laver, 22, Fitzhubert Road, Manor Estate.
TRINDON GRANGE, DURHAM.—Mr. J. Wilkinson, 1, Oswald Row.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mrs. A. Reed, 33, Albert Street.
WILLENHALL, STAFFS.—Mrs. A. Dolman, 23, Clarkes Lane.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. C. H. Hadley, 31, Russell Street.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they pursuaded "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagents to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits.

OVER 42,000 BENEFITS PAID.

DID YOU WAKE UP COUGHING?

DID you wake up this morning with your head "all stopped up?" Did you have to cough and blow your nose before you could breathe really freely? *That is Catarrh.* Slight, perhaps, but with the seeds of danger in it.

The warm soothing smoke penetrates to remote tubes and recesses.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes, containing no tobacco, cubebs, or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers and called, after the famous U.S. Specialist who discovered them, DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES reach every part that could possibly be affected.

How to know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if, there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to get rid of Catarrh.

As you will realise, Catarrh rapidly becomes so firmly rooted in the inflamed membranes of all the minute passages and channels that the reason is evident why all the so-called remedies fail to shift it or even to relieve it. Sprays and ointments cannot reach more than the outer parts, while such things as pills cannot possibly affect the passages of throat and nose. The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected.

How to prove it FREE.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., just send a postcard or the coupon below, and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES for you to try. We make this offer in all sincerity, and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any chemist's. Boots, Taylors', Timothy White's, and all progressive chemists have a supply.

FREE PACKET.

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121K), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package, containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....
(Print with pencil, very, very plainly.)

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 31/8/29.

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

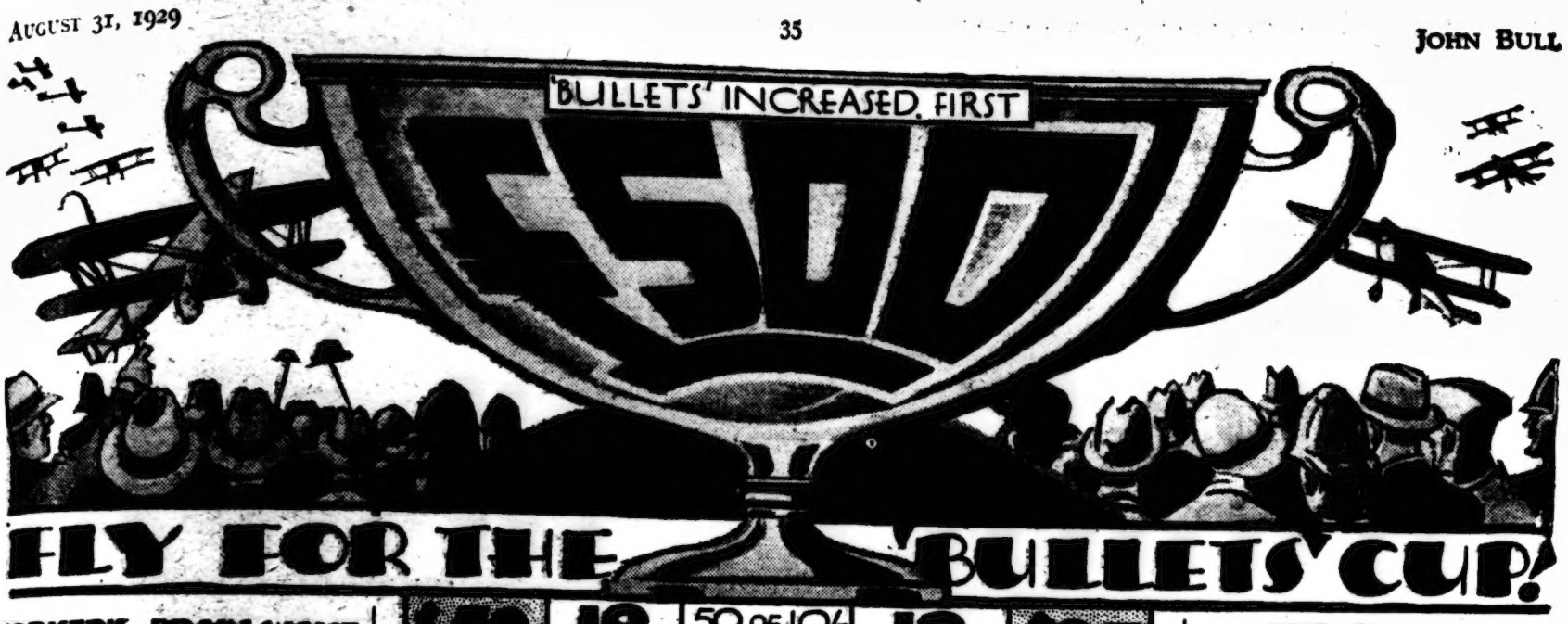
Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 31/8/29



WORKER'S BRAIN-WAVE

A MANUAL labourer on the Southern railway is Mr. R. Dyball, of 97, Dennetts Road, New Cross, S.E. But he is a brain worker on *Bullets*.

He has just won the First Prize of 400 Guineas in Competition No. 725 for the *Bullet* IN HIS EARLY DAYS—LATE—LATER, TOO LATE. Here is a good lesson forcibly driven home in the simple phrasing typical of a first-class *Bullet*. Note the ingenious play on the one word "late."

Mr Dyball has been a reader of JOHN BULL from the first number and is an old competitor. He secured a big prize thirteen years ago, but no other cash awards until now. At last the right inspiration came again and his perseverance has been rewarded at a time when family illness made the receipt of his prize exceptionally welcome.

FREE "BULLETS" HELP.

THERE are still some "Bulleteers" who have not realised the help they can receive from "Bullets" Bulletin, their own paper, issued free and full of hints from successful competitors.

Here are some of the contents of a typical issue :—

"Between You And Me"—a helpful talk by the Competition Editor.
"Bullets That Misfired"—an analysis of common errors.
"Straw Shots"—Notes about winners and current news.
"John Bullet Replies"—Humorous answers to correspondents.
"Letters From Winners"—Interesting experiences and hints.
"Why They Won"—Pointers from the prize-list.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin on application, enclosing a halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL brings 12 issues post paid. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Here is a helping hand for every keen competitor—grasp it and capture a prize!

The result of competition No. 726 will be published next week.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

£50 | 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 50 OF 10/- 500 OF 2/6 8,000 TARGET PRIZES | 10 PRIZES OF £2·10 | £25

THIS WEEK ONLY • PRIZES POSTED SEPT. 25

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Sept. 7
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(729) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Sept. 7
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(729) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Also Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Sept. 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(729) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Sept. 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(729) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 729, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 729 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for 400 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 725 will be shown in the window of Mr. Ellacott, 18mm Road, Dennetts Road, New Cross, S.E.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 730.

First Prize, 2,000 Guineas—Second Prize, £100—Third Prize, £50—10 Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2 10s.—50 Prizes of £1—100 Prizes of 10s.—2,000 Prizes of 2s. 6d.—10,000 "Target" Prizes.

Liberty's Banner—Keeping House—Every Child—Way She Talks—Striking Evidence—King Of To-day—According To The Pictures—Old Acquaintance—Stormy Sea—Surprise For The Conference—A Death Warrant—When Laurels Fade—Trade—Home Is A Castle—Miner's Job—Arms—Sneered At—In The Desert—A Slacker—Tangled Skein—What We're Hunting For—Wooing Fame—A Firm Hand—Take My Advice And—Happy Woman—Getting In—Nearer—Message Of Hope—Can't Stop—By Arbitration—Conscientiously—In Cash—Poor But Happy—Hardened Criminal—Fighting The World—Seeing The Red Light—A Swollen Head—Deeds Not Words—Juggling With Prices—"Hands Up!"

(Closing Saturday, September 21).

THE BIG RACE.

EVERYBODY is hoping to see a British aeroplane shoot like a *Bullet* across the sky to victory in the Schneider Cup race on September 7th. Remember, that entries for the *Bullets* £500 Cup close on the same day.

The Schneider Cup will be won by a machine which is the result of many months' effort by a nation's best brains and workers. The *Bullets* Cup will be secured by the best efforts made this week and that effort may be yours, made in a few minutes.

Thoughts fly faster than the fastest seaplane. Somewhere at the back of your mind may be just the idea which, neatly fashioned into a telling phrase, will win you the £500 First.

HOW TO WIN.

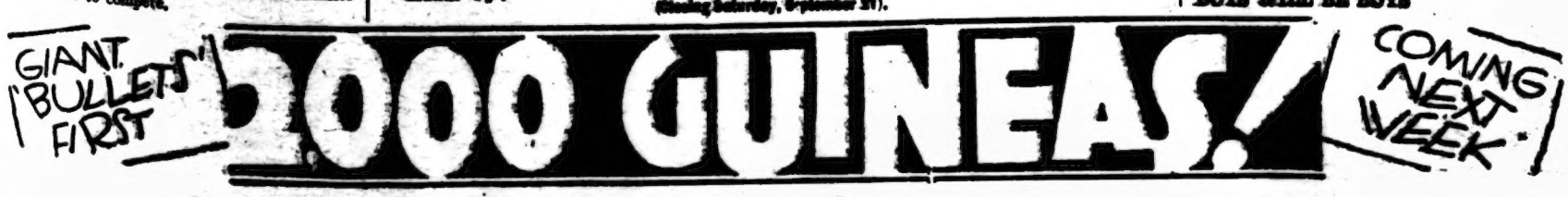
To make a *Bullet*, choose one of the Examples below and add to it TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. For instance, if you choose the *Example*, A STRANGLE-HOLD, the added words, MARRIAGE "TIES" SHOULDN'T BECOME, form a *Bullet*. The following *Bullets* which have won big prizes lately will help you to frame your own.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD—OF HEROD, DIRTY MILK.
THE NEXT MEAL—WORRY THAT'S "EATING" MANY.
HOME—EVERY "STICK" REPRESENTS "HURDLE."

Now get to work on your mystery *Bullet*. Send your winged words on a coupon and the big prize may fly to you.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 729.

BRITAIN'S RECORD
SEIZING HIS OPPORTUNITY
WHAT HAPPENED AFTER
STRIKES
"ENJOYED YOURSELF?"
GENEROSITY
ALL COLOURS
PIFFLE
BABY'S BOTTLE
WORTH THE TROUBLE
RIVALS
WAS IT A DREAM OR
WOMAN IN THE LIMELIGHT
TO THE GOOD
COMMON-SENSE DEMANDS
WE CAN'T FORGET
THROUGH THE MILL
I THOUGHT
LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE
DEPORTED
THE LION'S CUBS
TROUBLE'S COMING WHEN
THE LOVES
REBUILDING
GOOD WORK
COTTON KING
HANGING BY A THREAD
GOING QUIETLY
DOWN
FLAPPER'S IDOL
A STRANGLE-HOLD
BOYS WILL BE BOYS



NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

MR. JACK BUCHANAN, the great actor producer, writes: "I find 'Shavex' absolutely perfect for shaving. It is most refreshing and so easy, and it gives me the best shave I have ever had."

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour and find it wonderful. I get a fine close comfortable shave and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after-lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh.

After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

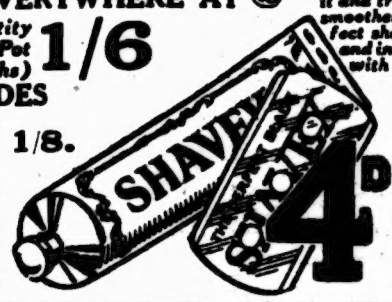
SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/** *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months)* **1/6**

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES *of all Chemists and Stores.*
PACKET OF 5 BLADES 1/8.

One Blade 4d.

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND A SHAVEX SUPER BLADE FOR—



MOTHER: Well, my dear, you look very happy this morning and much earlier than usual to breakfast.

HUSBAND: Yes, dear, I shall always be early in future. I have had the most wonderful shave of my life. I got a tube of Shavex as I heard so much about it and tried it this morning. I had the smoothest, the easiest and the most perfect shave. My skin feels like satin, and in only quarter the usual time as with the old soap and brush method.

SON: Yes, dad! I used it after you and it is just the same with me. I have had a fine shave and my face feels as fresh as a daisy and as smooth as silk. It is so simple only to smear it on and shave, and what is left over on my face I rub in as the proprietors say it is a skin food as well.

MOTHER: Thank heaven, in the future you will always be early for breakfast.

Send this COUPON To-day!

for FREE SAMPLE of SHAVEX and TRIAL SHAVEX BLADE POST FREE.

Cut this Coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 4d. stamp to cover packing and postage to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful & Talented Women's Evidence that it

NEVER before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap.

It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day which are only ordinary soaps.

Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. A guinea could not buy a more perfect soap. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Soap and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."—PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap."—FAY COMPTON.

"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

"Unlike other soaps it does not dry up the skin, but has a softening and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."—MADGE TITHERADGE.

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."—PHYLLIS DARE.

"A wonderful and soothing soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."—KYRLE BELLEW.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Healed in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

SORE FEET, ABRASIONS, ETC.
One will never suffer with Sore Feet if Zee-Kol is applied at nights and socks worn while sleeping.

ERYSIPELAS.
"Zee-Kol cured my Erysipelas."

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Arabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.** At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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